

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

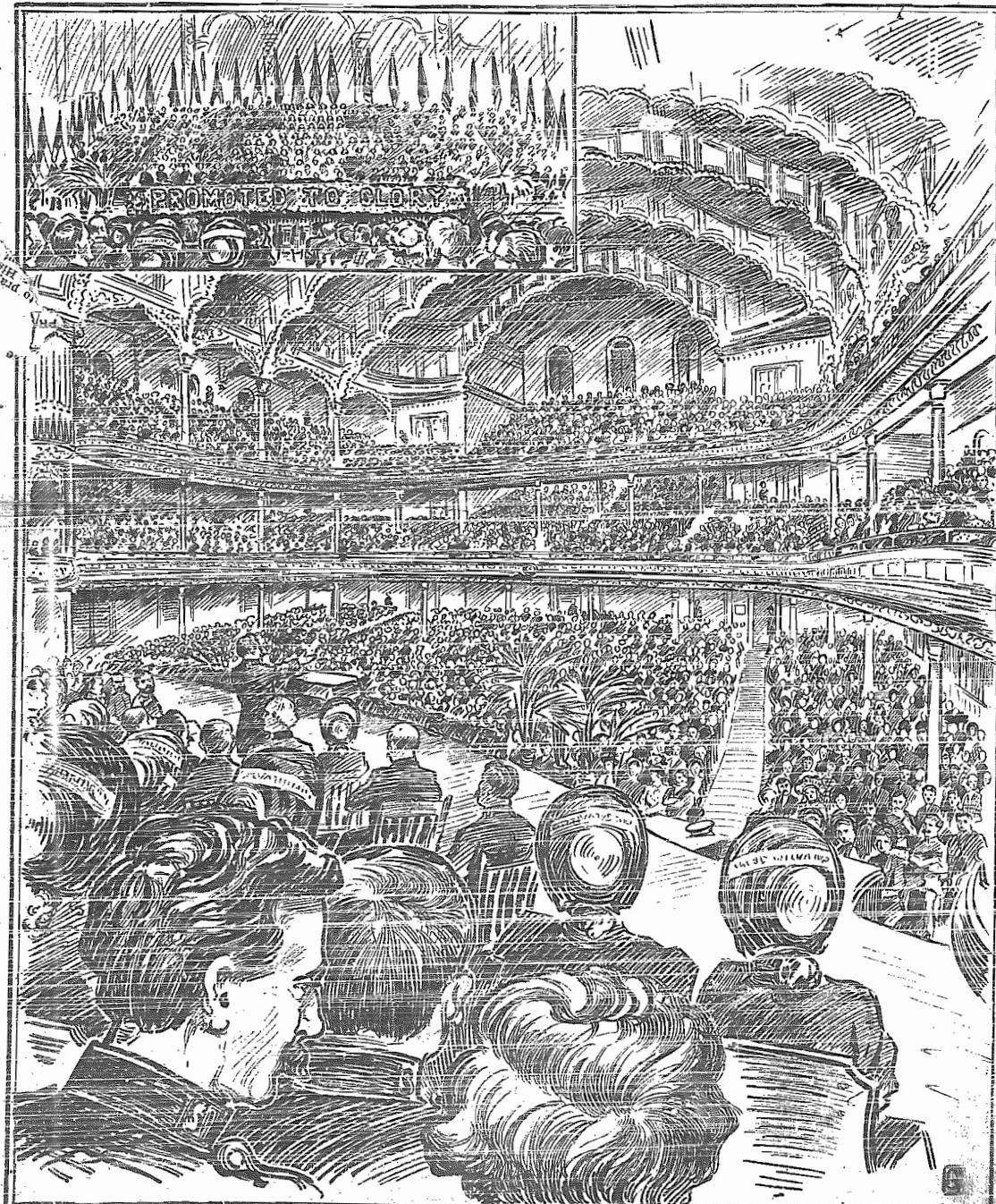
25th Year. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1908.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commander.

Price, 2 Cents.



The Massey Hall; from the Platform, on Sunday Night, when the Foreign Secretary Addressed a Huge Audience of Toronto's Citizens, and Fifty-eight Persons Came to the Heavy Seats. The Small Drawing Shows the Platform as it Appeared on Sunday Afternoon.

Cutlets from — Contemporaries.

The Good Samaritan Trust.

A New Title for The Army.

Rev. Dr. Fagnani, of the Union Theological Seminary, who is also a liberal contributor to the enterprise in memory of his dear wife, one of the loveliest characters that have loyalty and steadfastly stood by the Flag or The Salvation Army through good and evil report, delivered an address of clear-cut logic upon the social problems of the day and the success with which The Salvation Army was dealing with them. The doctor gave us an interesting glimpse into his first contact with The Army in the City Temple, London, England, meeting it as a "good, solid, substantial, orthodox Presbyterian" and maintaining he was still as substantial and orthodox as ever, but a great deal more practical through what The Army had taught him. Dr. Fagnani coined a couple of new titles for The Army on the spot—"The Good Samaritan Trust" and "The Red Cross of the great Industrial Battlefield."—New York Cry.

The Prince Who Apologized.

"Take Off Your Cap, Sir!"

What a touching story of our King's well-meaning son, which shows that "we are boys" all the world over, whatever their station in life may be.

A Soldier returned from the Crimea, where he had fought bravely and well, was performing sentry duty at the grand entrance to Windsor Castle, when Queen Victoria came along on foot with the boy Prince of Wales.

The Prince was a little behind his mother, and when she had turned a corner he slyly picked up a pebble and threw it at the sentinel. The stone struck his gun and made a noise.

The Queen heard it and, turning round, quickly went up to the soldier and asked him if the Prince had thrown a stone at him.

"Yes," was the reply, "but he has done me no harm."

But the Queen immediately called the Prince back.

"Take off your cap, sir, and apologize," she commanded, and, of course,

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray that the Holy Spirit may be poured out in full measure upon all the efforts made for soul-saving everywhere.

Sunday, October 25th.—Standard for Officers. 2 Cor. v. 17-21; vi. 1-8.

Monday, October 26th.—All Sufficent Grace. 2 Cor. viii. 1-16; viii. 9-12; vi. 1-18.

Tuesday, October 27th.—Infirmities. 2 Cor. xi. 18-23; xii. 7-10.

Wednesday, October 28th.—Not I. But Christ. Gal. i. 18; ii. 18-20; iii. 13-29.

Thursday, October 29th.—Fruits of the Spirit. Gal. v. 4-24; vi. 1-14.

Viday, October 30th.—Above the Highest. Eph. i. 1-22; ii. 1-9.

Saturday, October 31st.—Unfathomable Love. Eph. ii. 10-22; iii. 11-21.

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THE DIVINITY OF DUTY.

A gentleman, writing of the sacrifices his mother had made in order to give herself to the tasks and toil a humble home, speaks of it as a

the boy had to do as the Queen said. And it was a very humble little Prince who listened to his mother's words about "honouring those to whom honour is due," as they walked up the path to the castle.—British Young Soldier.

The Healthiness of Singing.

Everybody Sing Up.

Fully 25 per cent. of deaths which take place from all causes annually in the British Isles are brought about by diseases affecting the respiratory organs. But it is scarcely doubtful that much of this respiratory disease might be prevented, cured, or mitigated were the organs concerned developed and exercised, and so strengthened through life.

It is not too much to say that many people pass through life without having the full use of their lungs—that is, they are content with ordinary respiration, and never allow their lungs to the capacity which in extraordinary respiration takes twice the volume. Two effects follow on this want of use of the extra, so to speak air cells which every one has, and so many fail to use: (1) The degeneration which takes place from disease; and (2) unless there is abundance of fresh and uncontaminated air to breathe, starvation of the blood of the necessary oxygen, and consequently still further degeneration and general anaemia.

At the present time an enormous amount of good is done by teaching people how to breathe by means of different exercises designed to utilise the full capacity of the lungs, and to use their noses (perhaps not less important) and it is nothing less than astonishing how poor, weak, anaemic children improve under this seemingly simple remedy; but there are many reasons why singing would seem preferable. The former, after a time become somewhat monotonous and tiresome, and it is hard to get people to persevere with them; then, after all, they are, or should be, only a part of the latter, for no one can sing, or should be allowed to sing, without first having mastered the correct method of breathing; indeed, many teachers of singing make them, and very properly so, the basis of much instruction.—The Bodhisattva and Songster.

picture of "the Divinity of Duty;" but every duty is divine. It matters not how great the sacrifice, or how small the service, all duty has divineness in it. This truth realised, robes duty of its terror and bitterness, suffering of its anguish and remorse, sorrow of its cause and sacrifice of its cost.

Duty embraces in its realm the whole human family. No one lives outside the field of its operation. Every individual comes under its sceptre and remains in unceasing relations to it, for duty is divinely imposed obligation. We cannot escape it, it is our birth-right. Every life is ordained and endowed and obligated of God. Abilities, opportunities and responsibilities are God-given. Duty is the thing for which God has equipped us, and which He expects us to do.

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Duty is divine not only in its design, but also in its discovery. The sense of duty is the gift of God. Its nerve centre is the conscience. God must reveal His will, the knowing and doing of which is the whole duty of man. He enables us to understand what He would have us do. He discovers our duty to us. He has made

Edison and His Mother.

Teacher Thought He was "Addled."

I was always a careless boy, says Thomas Edison in his biography, and with a mother of a different calibre, I should probably have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweet-temper, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never used to sympathise with me, and that my father thought I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her all my difficulties at school, for fear she, too, might lose her confidence in me.

One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was "addled," and it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer. I was so hurt by this last straw that I burst out crying, and went home and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a good mother was. She came over as my strong defender. Mother-love was aroused; mother-pride wounded to the quick. She brought me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he didn't know what he was talking about. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then that I would be worthy of her and show her that her confidence was not misplaced. My mother was the making of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for, someone I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me.—American Young Soldier.

Turkish Home Life.

Muslim Personal Cleanliness.

Turkish home-life appears strange to the English fancy. Bedsteads, for instance, are never used. Each room contains a large cupboard built into the wall, in which the bedding is piled during the day, and at night the beds are made up on the floor. Other bedroom requisites, in the shape of wash-stands, dressing-tables, and wardrobes are dispensed with as superfluous.

our sense of "ought" route. The sense of duty is not acquired, only cultivated. Neglect dulls and deadens it; use disciplines and develops it.

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Duty is also divine in the doing. There is nothing divine than doing our duty. There are our lives likeest God's. There is no surer sign of divinity in us, than doing what we ought to do. If then, there is a divinity of duty, because of its divine design, discovery and doing, duty deserves to be done. However trivial it may seem, however commonplace, however complicated, however unimportant in our estimation, because of the divinity of it, there is nothing that has a greater claim upon us.

It is the one supreme, imperative thing to be done. No consideration can unbalance it. No excuse excuses or not doing it; no gain compensates; no loss absolves; nothing substitutes. It demands no sacrifice too great; no toll too arduous; no delay too long. It is no easy task. It is a hard thing to do one's duty divinely; with patience and perseverance, with courage and cheerfulness.

Duty deserves to be done; also because of the difficulty in doing it. In

For everyday ablution there is a small washing-room with a hole in the floor for the water to escape through. Ladies "do their hair," or have it done for them, seated crooked in a corner of the divan.

An indispensable adjunct of a house of any importance is a Turkish bath, of course, on a small scale, but always consisting, like the public baths, of three apartments, one within the other. Bathing accommodation, of some kind may, indeed, be found in every Turkish dwelling, even though it be but a tiny cubicle furnished with a drain for carrying off the water. Of the public baths, which are resort to by all classes, several are to be found in every large town, and in the capital they are very numerous.

With Moslems, personal cleanliness certainly comes next to godliness, being enjoined by their holy law, and to their regular and careful ablations—and also, no doubt to their habitual temperance—may probably be traced the comparative freedom of the Turks from many of the ailments which afflict their Christian and Jewish neighbours. —British War Cry.

How Texas was So Named.

A Loud Welcome to the Farmer.

The name of Texas originated, in these early days of the country when the Spanish Government sent missionaries through Mexico for the purpose of establishing missions among the savages. It appears in one of its expeditions, after crossing the Rio Grande River, the missionary with his captain and a squad of soldiers, sighted a band of Indians. The captain had prepared to meet the aborigines, and was greatly surprised when the chief advanced to meet him, shouting, "Teyá, Teyá!" meaning welcome. This gave rise to naming all the country between the Rio Grande and Sabine rivers Tejas, hence Texas.

This appellation is well applied, for there is no portion of the United States whose broad prairies and fertile valleys shout a louder welcome to the agriculturalist.

In a land proscribed somewhere, we have read of a country where one had only to tickle the soil with a plow to bring forth a laughing big crop, and we believe Texas to be committed to just such a proposition.—New York Social Gazette.

is neither manly nor womanly to turn from any duty with a weak "I can't." No duty, however difficult, is impossible. Kant's immortal phrase is true for every one: "What I ought I can."

* * *

"I set my eyes on the face of Duty. 'Master,' I said, 'let be! let be!' Life will lose all its golden beauty, if I must follow Thee!"

Ah, but the ways that we tread were weary.

Ah, but the paths that we followed, long;

Draary the span of the sky, and eerie the sound of the song.

And yet, as though through some chimeric wonder,

After the lapsing of sunless days, the grim, gray veils seemed to melt, and slender

Like the rifted morning haze.

Then I set my eyes on the face of Duty.

'Master,' I said, 'at last I see that life has gained a more hallowed beauty.'

Since I have followed Thee;



FROM THE GENERAL

To the Staff and Field Officers of the Dominion of Canada, and the Colony of Newfoundland, Under the Command of Commissioner Coombs, Assembled at Toronto.

FOR THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

COMRADES,

Again your Congress has come round. It seems only as yesterday since at your last Gathering I spoke to you face to face. And even now I feel like flying over the Atlantic to speak to you again. But as this cannot be, I send you a trusted Ambassador in the person of Commissioner Howard, and not satisfied with this, I feel I must write you a Message with my own pen.

The memory of my recent visit is still with me. That was indeed a royal time. Can any Salvationist who witnessed the departure from Toronto ever forget it? I don't think it would be possible.

I need not say how eagerly I have looked out for news respecting your progress since then, and how truly I have sympathised with you in the trying circumstances, through which the Dominion has been called to pass. But those difficulties will soon be forgotten.—The Harvest prospects are cheering—Trade will revive—Everybody's spirits will rise, and, whether or no, the Salvation Work must and will go forward.

But, my Comrades, the Salvation War will not achieve the victories we desire without appropriate and proportionate efforts being made.

We have talked a great deal about the vast opportunities Canada presents. I have done so myself. You have heard me. I am as sanguine as ever to the possibility of the formation of a mighty Salvation Army in Canada as ever I was, or ~~ever~~^{now} well can be, and as full of admiration for the self-denying labour of my Officers who are fighting there, and as grateful for the striking and glorious victories that have been realised with you as I can be. But we must increase the rate of progress.

I have shown you my willingness to take my share of the effort required for this advance.

In Commissioner Coombs you have one of my most prominent and trusted Commissioners. I have sent a thoroughly capable Officer to assist him as Chief Secretary.

Now, therefore, I call upon every Officer of the Staff and in the Field to rise up and make more desperate efforts than ever before to win the thousands of men, women, and children to Christ and Salvation, who are at present without the saving knowledge of God, or a well founded hope of Heaven.

Come along my Comrades—Go in at this Congress for a mighty baptism of the Blood and Fire Spirit. Make up your minds for more desperate fighting. Resolve to be satisfied with nothing short of showers of blessings, rivers of Mercy, and thousands of souls.

I am delighted with the admirable arrangements that have been made for a Campaign, spread over the whole country by your Commissioner in conjunction with the International Headquarters.

The visit of Commissioner Cadman, Colonel Brengle, Brigadier Roberts, and Major Plant, cannot but be productive of a large amount of good.

They are men renowned throughout the Army for their capacity and success in Soulsaving work, and their labours are sure to attract attention, secure crowds, and result in the Salvation of a multitude of people.

You will, I am sure, co-operate with them to your utmost ability, and results will follow that will gladden Heaven, reach the farthest bounds of the Army, influence other Nations, and beyond measure inspire my own heart. I send you my blessing. I long to see you again.

While fighting in South Africa I shall expect news of victory in Canada, and whatever may be the Will of God concerning my work and warfare, always calculate upon me,

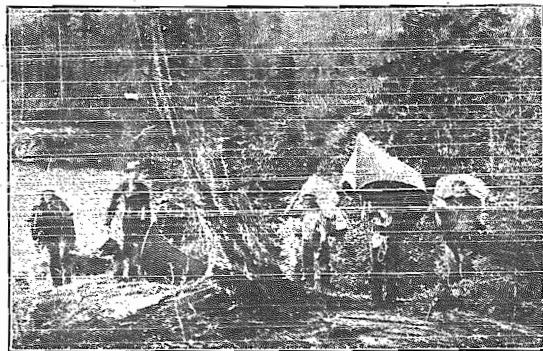
Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



The Prime Minister of Canada, Sir
Wilfrid Laurier.



A Portage in the Temagami District.



The Leader of the Opposition, Mr.
Robert Laird Borden.

European War Cloud.

A threatening war cloud is hanging over Europe at present. Bulgaria has proclaimed her independence, and has annexed Eastern Roumania, to which she has long laid claim, and Prince Ferdinand, has proclaimed himself as Czar of Bulgaria. Austria-Hungary is desirous of annexing Bosnia-Herzegovina, over which she has exercised authority since 1878. The Servians are protesting against the annexation, and are calling for war. The Montenegrins are also excited, and threaten to take up arms against Austria. The Island of Crete has proclaimed its independence of Turkey and called for Greek protection. The British Press looks upon all these acts as lawless proceedings, and as audacious violations of the Treaty of Berlin.

The situation is extremely critical. A congress of the Powers is being considered.

The despatch of a British Fleet to Turkish waters may help to preserve peace.

A remarkable feature of the situation is the self-control of the Turks, who are acting practically under the direction of Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

The Germans evidently think that war is inevitable, and a panic has struck the money market in Berlin, seriously affecting all the European markets.

An Heroic Deed.

Three Canadians were recently marooned on an island in the swift-running Alsek River, owing to their boat escaping from her moorings. The craft, wretchedly constructed, had all their tools, with the exception of a few supplies landed for use while in camp. Rummels volunteered to go for assistance. Breathlessly his companions watched him struggle through the rapids, never expecting him to reach the shore. Then, after a four hours' walk across the mountains, without food, he dragged himself into the main cavern of the expedition. It was on the tenth day after his departure that he brought help and food to the famished Canadians, who were found utterly exhausted. A delay of another day would have proved fatal.

Should not Salvationists be equally as daring in order to take the Bread of Life to perishing souls, marooned on the desert island of sin.

Carnegie Hero Fund.

The success of Mr. Carnegie's Hero Fund in America, has induced him to extend its benefits to the British Isles. In a letter to the trustees, he

says: "We are in an heroic age. Not seldom are we thrilled by deeds of heroism where men or women are injured or lose their lives in attempting to preserve or rescue their fellowmen—the heroes of civilisation. The little heroes of barbarism mainly

and outlive them."

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Disarmament Abandoned.

The crisis in the Balkans is far-reaching in its effects on the policy of nations. Great Britain has now decided to abandon its policy of a reduction of armaments. Naval construction on a large scale, will immediately be resumed, and the army, instead of being further reduced, will be increased. This news will be par-

"I have long felt that such true heroes and those dependent upon them, should be freed from pecuniary cares resulting from their heroism, and as a fund for this purpose, one and one-quarter millions of dollars in 5 per cent. bonds, yielding twelve thousand, five hundred pounds sterling per annum, will be sent you. Judging from our experience, this sum is ample to administer the trust, meet the cost of maintaining injured heroes and their families during disability of the heroes, the widows and children of heroes who may lose their lives in the United Kingdom, and still leave a surplus for emergencies and contributions under Article Four hereof."

The trustees intimated their acceptance of the fund, and joined heartily in expressing their appreciation of the noble purpose of the fund, and their confidence that most kindly and helpful results would flow from it.

New French Tunnel.

The first tunnel under a river ever constructed in France, has just been completed in Paris. It runs under the Seine from the Place de la Concorde to the Chamber of Deputies, and is part of the new Metropolitan Subway line, which will be opened probably by spring. This line will run from Montmartre to the Porte de Versailles. There will be two distinct tunnels, one for trams going North and the other for trams going South. The second tunnel, which is at some distance from the first, will be completed within a few weeks.

"White Slave" Traders Escape.

The United States Government is carrying on a crusade to suppress the devilish "White Slave" traffic within its borders, but in Chicago they have recently suffered a defeat. A man and his wife were arrested last July, with more than thirty indictments against them for trafficking in girls for immoral purposes.

They were held in prison for some time before they were able to furnish bail, which was fixed at \$25,000 for each of them. In August, however, they succeeded in having the amount reduced to \$25,000 for both of them. This amount was turned over to the government in cash and property, and they were released. They then managed to slip through the net of the officials and escape to France.

The United States has no extradition treaty with France covering the class of offence with which they are charged, and so the inhuman monsters will escape the judgment of the American law courts. They will not be able to escape the judgment of the Great White Throne, however.

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ticularly unwelcome to Germany, for victory in this competition must go with the largest purse. On the other hand, this fresh burden put upon overtaxed Europe raises appalling questions.

The process of increased expenditures for armaments cannot go much further without a collapse of the national finances in more than one country. Hence, it becomes a matter of absolute necessity that the sanctity of treaties shall be re-established according to the principle which has now been publicly affirmed by Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, dealing with the past week's events.

Suffragettes Storm Parliament.

The British Suffragettes recently attempted to "rush" the House of Commons. They were supported by a huge mob of unemployed, numbering about 100,000. For several hours the streets around Westminster were in a state of turmoil and about thirty suffragettes and a dozen unemployed were arrested as a result.

In the evening, as the House was solemnly debating a bill to prevent children from cigarette smoking, the women dashed past the door-keeper to a position in front of the speaker's chair and shouted shrilly: "Leave off discussing children and talk about the women."

They were put out by the attendants and an order was issued that hereafter women should not be admitted to the building on any pretext, whatever.

Submarine Warfare.

The French have been for some time engaged in devising boats that would run under water, and have at length succeeded in making one that has stood a remarkable test. The submarine "Emeraude," recently arrived at Cherbourg, after a run of eighty-one hours, in which she covered a distance of 992 miles under water.

The vessel maintained a regular speed of nine knots an hour. The crew, though much fatigued, bore the severe trial admirably.

Boats of this description, are, of course, intended to be used in naval warfare, and will prove very dangerous to battleships.

Bibles for Filipinos.

An encouraging report has just been issued by the American Bible Society, from which we learn that during 1907, over one hundred thousand Bibles and Scripture portions were distributed in the Philippine Islands. Agents of the Society first landed in the Philippines eight years ago. There was not one Protestant Church in the Islands then, but now there are upwards of sixty thousand who have formally identified themselves with the Protestant Organisation.

Churches and hundreds of church and chapel buildings are scattered over the Territory. A note of sadness is struck in the report, however, when the Society's Agent says:

"Not our successes cause no special joy, as we appreciate the failure to meet the golden opportunities through sheer lack of men. During these

times of travail, every mission engaged here, ought to have at least double the force it now has, and incidentally, we might add, the Bible Society ought to have double its present means at hand, that the call of the people for the Scriptures in their native tongue, and for missionaries to teach them, should not have ever to go unheeded."

Our Eskimo Neighbours.

From a letter written by a missionary amongst the Eskimos around Hudson Bay, we extract the following interesting items:

"During the last five months we have had nearly two hundred services for Indians, Eskimo, and the English-speaking employees of the great Hudson Bay Company.

We had a small band of Eskimo staying at the trading post here for a few days. One of them has just written me a most touching little note, saying how bad and sinful he feels himself to be, and how he longs to hear from his teacher the words of 'Goodly' (God) and 'Jesus Christ.' The Eskimo language is very difficult to learn and to pronounce, and is full of long words. 'Heavenly host' is translated 'Killangmugasackroakataupuk,' and this is quite an ordinary example.

Some time ago there used to be plenty of deer, so that the Eskimo could kill enough for food, bedding, and clothes; but now it is different. During the months of December, January, and February especially, they know what it is to be without even oil for their lamps. As a rule, they do not complain of being hungry until they have been without food for three days. It seems impossible to imagine what it must mean to be without food and light. Some may think this only an exaggeration of a few isolated cases, but, I am sorry to say, it is only too true of many. Marvelous to say, the Eskimo, as a whole, are quite a cheerful people.

Do not let us leave this poor race out in the cold, unresoled, and uncared for. The Good Shepherd cares for them as for us. Oh, friends, let us take a much keener interest and more self-sacrificing interest in God's great plan—that His voice may be heard from the far North to the distant South."

The Noiseless City.

Berlin is said to be the most quiet city in Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. There is no loud barking of busters, and a man whose wagon gearings are loose and rattling, is subject to a fine. The courts have a large discretion as to fines for noise-making. Strangest of all, piano playing is regulated in Berlin. Before a certain hour in the day and after a certain hour in the night, the piano must be silent in that musical city. Even during the playing hours, a fine is imposed for playing on the piano.

THE 26th ANNUAL CONGRESS

CONDUCTED BY THE
Foreign Secretary and the Commissioner.

A Series of Officers' Councils and Public Meetings that Rank Amongst the Best Ever Held in this Country.

The Civic Reception.

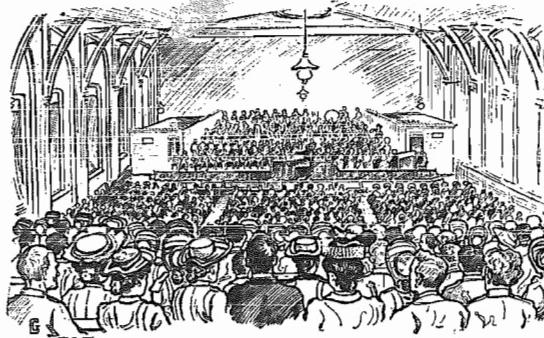
(Concluded from last week.)

In the introduction to the Congress contained in last week's issue, it was stated that this was a magnificent meeting and a splendid beginning to the Congress. This was the case in every respect. Enthusiasm, joy, and salvation fervour were manifested in everything that was done. The opening song given out by the Chief Secretary, was sung with a heartiness that showed clearly it was a vent for the pent-up feelings within. The loud and fervent responses showed how fully the audience entered into the spirit of Colonel Brangle's prayer.

The Staff Band Choir, that splendid body of dark-haired, red-coated young men, good to look upon and pleasant to listen to—who sang a quiettime song with starcato effect, that was quite in keeping with the spirit of the meeting, helped things; for the electrical atmosphere did not call for sustained organ-like effects, but the quick notes of the piano, or better still, the bitterness of the banjo. The Choir gave it to us. We thank them.

Then the Commissioner in his hearty, genial manner, introduced the delegates and the visitors to the Mayor and his associates, and to the public, and, amidst a tumult of applause, the burly form of Mayor Oliver rose to reply. We cannot attempt to give any thing like fulness to the speeches, as space will not admit, but for warmth of welcome, and outspoken appreciation, it would be difficult to surpass the Mayor's speech, or for the matter of that, the speeches of the other members of the City Council, who spoke. The Mayor showed how he viewed the welcome that had been extended to him by the audience, when he said that he would be less than human if he did not express his appreciation of the cordial reception that had been accorded to him. On behalf of the citizens of Toronto, he extended the heartiest welcome to the delegates, and to Commissioner Howard, the representative of that grand and good old man, The General of the greatest Army in the world. All knew what was being done in neighbouring countries, and all round the world, but during the past winter, we, of this fair city, have learned to appreciate in a fuller degree, the work of The Army, for we know how well and faithfully they assisted to do the work that needed to be done during the period of very severe suffering that was experienced. We welcome you here and trust that your deliberations will result in many future conquests for the Glory of the Lord, and from the bottom of my heart I welcome you to the Queen City of the West—one of the fairest cities that the sun ever shone upon.

The speaker sat down amidst a



The Civic Reception in the Temple, From the Gallery.

tumult of applause, which showed how heartily his words had been appreciated.

Major and Mrs. Piant then sang to us a salvation song, and the Chief Secretary delivered one of those fiery addresses we have learned to expect from him. As every speaker and singer came in for rounds of cheering, it may be imagined the Chief Secretary came in for a full share.

The Mayor then introduced one of his colleagues, Controller Spence, whom he announced as the silver-tongued orator of the City Council, a designation that was fully borne out by the splendid address he gave, which was brimful of wit, apt allusion and splendid encomiums of The Salvation Army. They were delighted to welcome The Salvation Army visitors, for of all the delegates that came to share the hospitality of the city, there were none with a purer purpose or more earnest desire to do good, than The Army delegates. When there was a question of license reduction or any other object before the Council for the moral well-being of the city, there was no need to send a delegation to find out where The Salvation Army stood in the matter. Controller Spence said he did not intend to say much, as there were Commissioners and others to utter golden words, and that, doubtless, the audience did not desire anything so common as a silver-tongued orator. "Besides," said he, pointing to his colleague, "there were other silver-tongued fellows, brazen-faced fellows, who would like to speak." He joined the Mayor in wishing The Army a most beneficial Congress.

Controller Hocken, Alderman Hay and Graham, also expressed their pleasure in welcoming the delegates, and the confidence they had in The Army and their high appreciation of the work of the organisation. How fully that section of the citizens of Toronto met together in the Temple appreciated these expressions, was abundantly attested to by the applause that the remarks elicited.

Of course, the stars of the evening were Commissioner and Mrs.

Howard, and the perfect tornado of welcome that greeted the Foreign Secretary as he rose to address the meeting, showed how greatly we were delighted to have him.

The Commissioner said that he was present because duty had called him, but that the earnest and kindly invitations which Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs had extended to him to visit the Canadian forces, had made it very easy and pleasant to obey the call of duty. Commissioner Coombs had been very urgent in his invitations, and had even gone so far as to send him preventatives for sickness (laughter). He was very glad to be here at this time, at the launching of the Simultaneous soul-saving Campaign, and hoped to do a little in helping forward this effort, which he trusted would result in

floods of salvation for Canada. He had come as The General's Representative, and that he had been commissioned to convey to the Canadian wing of The Army, and the public, The General's warm affection for, and great admiration of them, also of his good wishes and prayers for them and the great expectations he entertained concerning them. These were sentiments that made the walls of the Temple echo and re-echo again with applause.

The Commissioner gave us a splendid address, which not only fittingly and eloquently responded to the references which the previous speakers had made to him in his representative capacity, but which presented to us in a striking fashion, the high ideals of The Army, the lofty expectations that the people of all classes have of us, but also paid a splendid tribute to the work and devotion of the Soldiery—of their love and passion for souls, that no money could buy.

He was very desirous, during his visit of imparting unto us some spiritual gift, of doing something that should result in the salvation of souls, the sanctification of saints and Soldiers, which should enable us to war far more effectively against the forces of evil and those things that work against the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

It was a soul-stirring address, delivered in a manner that arrested every ear, and held every heart.

A general consecration concluded a meeting which made every one look forward with the greatest expectancy to the succeeding meetings.

THE OFFICERS' COUNCILS

Described by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, the Field Secretary.

The Officers' Councils of the Annual Congress were, beyond question, amongst the most enlightening and fruitful ever held in Toronto. A variety of elements contributed to this most satisfactory result, but from the opening song, "He Lives," on Wednesday morning, to the closing benediction on Friday afternoon, there was beyond all else, a most conscious and manifest indication of Divine favour and power. The Lord did truly come to His Temple, and, in signal fashion reveal Himself to His people. There were times when the waves of blessing swept over the Councils in overwhelming billows.

At others the intensity of feeling, the solemn hush, the subdued emotion, as well as the fast falling tear, evidenced the presence of the Living God. The touch of the Divine was upon His own way. The Council was as clay in the hands of the potter—there was a remoulding and a re-modelling of human character.

Notwithstanding the heavy weight

of sorrow that had just broken in upon the Foreign Secretary, leaving him wounded and grief-stricken, mighty in God, he arose splendidly to the occasion. His opening remarks expressed the desire that he might not only give advice and instruction, but "impart some spiritual gift"—and never had holy desire more blessed fulfilment.

What can be said of the singing. It was overwhelming, and in this connection must be mentioned the appropriate choice of the songs, which, whether chorus or verse, was always in perfect harmony with the subject under discussion. The soldiers left nothing to be desired, either in voice, sentiment or spirituality, & the Council never failed to "shew its hearty appreciation. Commissioner Coombs was at his best, and that is saying much.

Several times during the Councils his song prayers lifted us up into the presence of the Infinite. Among Colonel Pugnaire's whole-souled songs were no mean contribution; while

Major and Mrs. Plant, Captain Cook and the Territorial Headquarters Quartette, each rendered efficient service. And it was the congregational singing that was mightiest in the coming down of blessing and power. There was an indescribable, upward soaring of the human to meet the downcoming of the Divine. The voices will be far-reaching. A thrilling point was reached during the singing of the chorus:

"Oh, it is wonderful,
Wonderful! He should care for me,
Enough to die for me;
Oh, it is wonderful,
Wonderful to me!"

Great waves of holy emotion swept over the assembly, and tears of joy flowed freely.

Another point must be mentioned, namely, the perfect sympathy of the audience with each speaker, and vice versa. The longing expressed by the Foreign Secretary to "impart his spiritual gift" was met by an even greater desire on the part of Officers to receive light and blessing.

Let no one suppose that the Councils were comprised merely of good and fine emotional utterances, or religious sentiment. True, there was unbounded enthusiasm; the spirit of God gave infinite liberty, there was nothing of restraint; all was natural, free, bright and happy. Commissioner Howard's addresses, evidently prepared with utmost care, were logical, scriptural, eloquent, effective. This is also equally true of the addresses of Commissioner Coombs, while Colours, Brigadier Roberts, and other secretaries, spoke well.

At no time was there any attempt made to influence the Council by the tricks of oratory, although the speaking was of the highest order—no matter what standard it might be judged. It bore as one thing more than another the impress of the Officers in the addresses. It was the singularly appropriate interweaving of Biblical fact in illustration and endorsement of what was being said. The Foreign Secretary was particularly happy in this respect, bringing before the Council familiar passages of Scripture little at a time, that glittered and sparkled like dew drops in the morning sunshine. Thus illuminated by God's holy Word, the instruction given stood out in shining characters that all could understand.

Commissioner Howard has a fine platform presence and he has an excellent voice. His easy delivery, frank and natural, simple language, marked him out at once as a speaker of great power, and the Council was anxious to appreciate either the Commissioner's presence or his pregnant messages. He told us that The Salvation Army Officer should be a man of message, able to deliver that message with effect—a message the Commissioner had, a mighty one. The last before us was an embodiment of what we uttered.

When positive assertion the Officers sang in the opening song, as only Salvation Army Officers can sing—"He Lives, I know He Lives," and then the anthem, Staff Captain Marion bringing the Council right into a holy atmosphere. Faith grew stronger as Commissioner Coombs spoke to God through Lieut. Col. Sugimori's song, "Oh, I Love Him," preceded Commissioner Coombs' introduction of the Foreign Secretary. It was a



The Foreign Secretary—Characteristic Attitudes.

splendid eulogy delivered in eloquent terms, and voiced the sincere sentiments of every Officer present. The Foreign Secretary's reply was particularly happy, although it was with great emotion he spoke of the sorrow that had so recently entered the hearts of Mrs. Howard and himself, which sorrow that Council shared. The Commissioner referred to long years of friendship with Commissioner Coombs, and spoke of how great a pleasure it was to come to this territory, which evoked thunders of applause, as expressive of the gratification which the Officers felt at his coming. He humorously remarked that his light was but a candle apart from The Salvation Army, but that having been lifted by The General's great candlestick, he smilingly told us that his circle of radiance had been extended. Nobody doubted it, and his visit to Toronto has made the circle still wider.

The subjects dealt with could not have been better chosen; either for appropriateness or importance, each bearing upon The Army, its action in the world, and attitude to the world, the Officers' relationship to The Army and its purposes. The Council was shown how in origin, in principle, and in purpose, The Army was a Divine Institution, and we were warned that only in proportion as The Army acted in harmony with God's laws and plans, our operations could succeed. The Foreign Secretary declared that if we were to secure spiritual benefits, we must have our souls in touch with God. Nothing counts for more than our personal relationship with Him. To have Him reveal Himself to us, and to realize in our own consciousness that if we seek Him we shall find Him. God takes man into His confidence and reveals to him His purposes, plans and methods. He who wants light, must draw aside the blind and let in the light. The window through which Daniel looked when he prayed, pointed to the lion's den, but it looked God's way, and God's way is always the best.

Speaking of qualification for effective service, the Foreign Secretary told us that we must not only fulfill the desires of our leaders, but discover what is in the Will of God concerning us, and obey that Will. Never forget, cried the Commissioner, that The Salvation Army ex-

ists to meet the needs of those about us; and our success can only be measured by the way we deal with the sins and sorrows of mankind. The success of the Fire Brigade is in the saving of life and property, and if The Salvation Army does not get people saved, no amount of drums and flags are of consequence. Fitness for our position, we were told, really involves the power to live a holy, Christ-like life, for which we set up standards. Our equipment fails if we have not the power to present in our own life an exhibition of the Christ life."

Intervals of song and prayer were appropriate opportunities for God to seal His servant's words. Each Session closed by Commissioner Coombs making direct appeal to live up to the standards and work out those purposes which had been discovered to us. As the Councils re-assembled, expectation grew stronger and faith rose higher, until on Wednesday night, the last of the Field Councils—a veritable pentecostal outpouring—sealed and concluded these unique, these effective, these far-reaching gatherings.

Adjutant McElheney, on behalf of the Field Officers, and Major David Creighton, on behalf of the Staff, came forward to thank the Foreign Secretary for his loving counsel. Their words were enthusiastically endorsed by a standing clapping, volleying crowd.

Commissioner Coombs gathered up the strings (as he called it) of the Councils and, in terms most fitting, presented the love of the Council to the Commissioner and Mrs. Howard, and once more mentioned the deep sympathy of the Canadian Field with them in the loss of their darling son. Messages of love and loyalty were given for the Foreign Secretary to pass over to The General and the Chief of the Staff. A special message was sent to The General in reply to, and in appreciation of his special and enthusiastically received letter, which was handed by the Foreign Secretary to Commissioner Coombs, and read to the Council on Wednesday morning. Long live our grand old General. Long live the Chief of the Staff, long live Commissioner and Mrs. Howard, and Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, so says every Officer privileged to be present.

The Staff Council which followed

on Friday, were a continuance in spirit and power of the Field Councils. The Foreign Secretary discussed in a wonderfully effective manner the doctrines of The Salvation Army, which, he told us, the more he thoroughly examined, the more profoundly was he impressed with their sacredness.

Mrs. Howard spoke from a bleeding, broken heart. Her cherished words will linger long in our memories. Mrs. Major McLean and Lieut.-Colonel Rees did both themselves and their comrades credit in the addresses of appreciation of the Foreign Secretary's efforts. Fervent speeches by the Chief Secretary and Commissioner Coombs, an affectionate reply by Commissioner Howard, brought to a close, Councils, which, in the opinion of all who were privileged to be present, reached a spiritual high-water mark.

Impressions of the Councils.

BY REPRESENTATIVE OFFICERS.

The expressions of the Officers have been most pronounced and pugnacious concerning the blessings of the Councils, and we have invited a few whom we consider to be representative Officers, to briefly state their impressions.

A distinguished visitor, who, as such, represents the strangers within our gates, says:—

Colonel Brungle's Impressions.

"For many years I have coveted the privilege of attending a Canadian Congress, and now that the desire is granted, I am glad.

First, I was surprised and delighted to hear Toronto's splendid Mayor and the members of the city government all speaking out boldly for our Lord Jesus Christ, and commanding not only the Social and philanthropic work of The Army, but our religion, our faith, our spirit, and exhorting us to hold that fast, and not let it go. It is not often on our side of the Continent that we hear slogan speaking out manfully for Jesus Christ.

Then, the singing has blessed me. Very seldom in any part of the world, have I heard such singing. What a master of assemblies, of music, and song is dear Commissioner Coombs!

His masterful simplicity blesses me. Finally, the superb, thought-provoking, heart-searching, soul-inspiring addresses of Commissioner Howard have quickened me, let in light and stirr'd me up by way of remembrances. I praise God for this Congress, and am confident that its influence shall bless all Canada, and yet circulate the globe through the lives and hearts it has touched."—S. L. Brungle, Colonel.

Soul-Stirring Messages.

Then Lieut.-Colonel Rees of Newfoundland, not exactly a stranger, but an Officer who attended our Annual Congress for the first time, says:—

"It has been my privilege to listen to Commissioner Howard, in Officers' Councils and similar gatherings dozens of times, but never has he appeared to me to be more tender, more personal, or more inspiring than on this occasion. His messages have stirred my soul."

"My spiritual nature has also been greatly stirred and uplifted by the powerful singing, and the deeply spiritual character of the songs selected. For this part of the Council we are all under a deep debt of gratitude to Commissioner Coombs for his soul-stirring singing."

"The Officers have been a great joy to me, the truly comrade spirit that has prevailed amongst them has made it good to be with them. In all my career I do not remember attending a Congress that has been more enjoyable, or that is more calculated to have lasting effects."—Samuel Rees, Lieut.-Colonel.

A Great Treat.

No stranger to the Fall Councils is Lieut.-Colonel Turner, of the Eastern Province, for he is a son of the soil, although, as his impressions show, it is the first time he has heard the Foreign Secretary. On behalf of his brother P. O.'s, he writes thus:

"To those of us who have never before heard the Foreign Secretary, it was certainly a great treat to have the pleasure of listening to him, and taking in his timely advice."

"The Commissioner spoke in language we could understand, logical, concise, pungent, definite, and withal deeply spiritual. The Commissioner impressed us as a man among men. The touches of personal experience were so deeply human that we readily entered into the same."

"The effect of the Foreign Secretary's visit to our midst cannot but be of everlasting good to every officer who had the pleasure of listening to him, and, taking the Councils as a whole, no more spiritual, useful or successful Councils have ever been conducted, in this country."—W. J. Barnard Turner, Lieut.-Colonel.

*
Brigadier Southall is not a Canadian born, but twenty-three years' Officership in the Dominion, makes his opinion valuable. He writes as a member of the Headquarters' Staff, and says:

Eclipse Anything in Our History.

With two or three exceptions, I have attended twenty-four of the twenty-five Councils connected with the Annual Congresses year by year, many of them sound out in my experience as spiritual landmarks, while the inspiration and counsel obtained at various times have been of untold value in their influence upon my own character and my service for God.

"One is apt to consider the last as the best, because of its being freshest on our memory and emotions. After carefully endeavouring to recall and weigh some of those past experiences—and they have been blessed—I am compelled to the conclusion that these Councils have eclipsed anything in our history for revealing in simple terms and through apt illustration, the deep principles that underlie all Salvation Army service."

"Such philosophies as that dealing with the worker and his work—the reflex effect of the one on the other—would in the hands of many prove to be an intricate and uninteresting proposition. Under Commissioner Howard's skilful treatment, however, the vast and various aspects of the great theme were transformed from what might easily have been prosy, if scholarly delivery, into interesting, enlightening addresses that caused us to wonder where energetic speech had whined away the hours of the various sessions."

The Friday Night's Holiness Meeting.

Described by Colonel Brengle.

The public holiness meeting led by Commissioner and Mrs. Howard was not an anti-climax following the splendid Councils with Officers during the previous two days.

Evidently, the Soldiers and friends, excluded as they were from the Officers' meetings, meant to make the most possible of this, their chance to hear the Commissioner, and so they came in troops and battalions, gorging the Hall, packing the gallery, and overflowing into the aisle and entrance ways, until standing room was at a premium.

The platform was crowded with Officers from the rank of Staff-Captain and upwards, together with the Staff Songsters and Band. It was a fine audience, full of sympathy and expectation.

The first song was sung with thoughtful fervor, hearts were bowed out in prayer. "They beat the hand." It was sweeter and richer than any organ. Maybe it is because I have been out of meetings for some six months that the music and song came to me with such sweetenss and power. It was like heaven. And the congregational singing during the prayer meeting did not seem to be much inferior to that of the Sabbath. It seemed to me I never heard such singing except in Russian Cathedrals, and there was more heart in the Temple song than in the Cathedral chants, if less wondrous melody and harmony.

The collection was only an incident. The announcements were brief. And then dear Mrs. Howard spoke.

Colonel Brengle.

"No Officer who was present can ever wholly forget, if they would, those wonderful thrills of Divine illumination and blessing, while to most it was the furnishing of a series of pictures photographed on the film of our mind, test at the years go by, will enable us to realize, as we might, not otherwise have done, the precious value and relative importance of those principles, truths and doctrines that make for the more perfect building up of the Kingdom of God within us, and in those for whom we labour."—J. F. Southall, Brigadier.

*
What Brigadier Moreland, Divisional Officer of the Halifax Division, thinks of the Councils:

"The Field Officers' Councils that have just been brought in a close, are amongst the most helpful from the Field Officers' standpoint, that it has been my privilege to attend."

that for interest, power, and intelligent counsel, as to what the Field Officer should be and do, they could, with difficulty be excelled. The natural outcome of these Councils should be the bursting out of the revival flame in all parts of the Territory. I feel it in my very bones."—W. J. Moreland.

In Many Directions the Best.

Of our most experienced and successful Field Officers, Staff-Captain Goodwin, of Peterborough, is a good representative. Of the Councils, this comrade writes as follows:

"I am very pleased to send a few lines of testimony to the blessings received from the Congress of 1908.

In the first place, no Officer on the Canadian Field could have been more pleased to hear of the coming of the Foreign Secretaries, Commissioner and Mrs. Howard, than myself, for I had the great privilege of listening to the Commissioner when in the Old Land in 1905, and I had learned many precious lessons in that time which I value today.

I also knew the late Captain Harry Howard. He was a Cadet in Training in that particular session, and I cannot refrain from speaking of his kindly manner and words spoken to us, who so often felt strange in our new surroundings. He enquired of me how I was getting along, and I with other foreign Officers had a great admiration for him, for his bright, happy, genial disposition, as well as for his personal kindness to us.

To speak of the Field Officers' Councils just closed, I should rate them among the best that we have ever had, and in many directions the very best. They were educational as well as deeply spiritual, and the usual amount of variety of speaker made the different sessions most interesting.

"The Commissioners' addresses will long be remembered, and will help us to be better Army makers in the future than we have been in the past."—Staff-Captain Goodwin.

*
Captain Turner, of Belleville representing the younger Field Officers, says:

"I write these few impressions while the thrill of incalculable inspiration of the meetings is still upon me but probably the best impress as that could be written are those that will come when we are at home in our Corps and have digested the counsel that has been given us by the Foreign Secretary, our own Commissioner, and the example of these veterans, Colonel Brengle and Brigadier Roberts.

The power of united prayer was an object lesson to me, and showed what can be obtained in the way of blessing, while the restatement of The Army's aims and objects, cannot fail to inspire all who listened; the warnings of the dangers to which Officers are exposed must make us wiser.

"These Councils have been a great means of grace to me, and an inspiration that will last for a long time. I thank God for them."—Captain Turner.

Lunenburg.—Captain T. M. Martin were here weekend recently. Last Sunday sought salvation. He is now a changed man, and we are glad to see him again. His conversion shall be chronicled in the next issue.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY IN THE

Two Meetings that will Live Long in the Memories of Those Who Were Present.

148 SOULS SAVED AND SANCTIFIED DURING THE WEEK-END.

THE Fall Councils of 1908 are now things of the past. The Staff and Field Officers have returned to their own Corps and spheres of labour. The Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Howard are on the heavy billows, but the power and the blessings of the Annual Congress remain as a measure with us yet.

As the reports and testimonies in this issue state, the Congress has been a huge success—to God be all the glory. And there is no doubt, that the presence of the Foreign Secretary, despite his acute personal sorrow, has been a great contributing cause to the blessings. There were some glimpses of his own personal experience revealed, which the whole world wide Army should know, inasmuch as they showed that The General and the Chief of the Staff, when in their judgment the progress of The Salvation Army called for it, could ignore the claims to consideration of even—by them—so beloved and honoured a comrade as Commissioner Howard, and that so highly placed an Officer as the Foreign Secretary could subordinate to his personal spiritual welfare and the advancement of The Army, his own position and personal feelings.

It is good that we, at the Outposts of The Army, should know of the high-souled Officers and men of sterling integrity that surround The General and the Chief at the centre of the organisation. Some of us, indeed, have been privileged to labour amongst them, and we know the purity of purpose and singleness of eye that animate the heads of The Army, but not all are thus privileged, so we thank our own beloved Commissioner for giving the comrades of the Field an opportunity of meeting the Foreign Secretary.

The meetings themselves which the Foreign Secretary held, were signalized by God in the sanctifying and saving of souls—no fewer than ninety-eight having come to God in two public meetings, in Toronto, during the week-end, 148 were saved and sanctified.

Elsewhere will be found a copy of The General's letter that was read in the Councils. Let us endeavour to show our gratitude to God for the blessed times we have been privileged with, by striving to carry out the spirit and purposes our beloved General has expressed in it.

Let us, while the breath of the heavenly Councils is yet with us, and while the voices of our leaders yet ring in our ears, lay ourselves out full stretch for the Simultaneous Soul-Saving Campaign.

GOD SPEED THE ARMY.

A Chat with the Foreign Secretary.

He is Surprised at the Bigness of The Army in Canada, and Declares this Congress to Have Been One of the Great Weeks of His Life.

THE Foreign Secretary stood on the edge of the Massy Hall platform, gazing with interest at the great balconies, even then half-filled with people, although the prayer meeting was nearing the close. At his feet were four young men, well dressed, well set up, obviously educated and intelligent, kneeling with bended knees at the penitent form, making their peace with God.

Had God restored to be bereaved father, in a spiritual sense, his son fourfold. What has the future for these young men? Who knows?

Perhaps even they may go to the four parts of the compass taking to the distant lands the salvation they sought and obtained under the salvation preaching of the Foreign Secretary on that Congress Sunday.

With these thoughts in his mind, the interviewer approached the Foreign Secretary, and said, "May I ask, sir, how you like addressing Canadian audiences?"

The Commissioner looked at the onlooker, surrendered at discretion, and led the way to a chair.

"Well!" he said, "I have had, I suppose, to-day, fairly representative Canadian audiences, and must say I like them to talk to. I have addressed large gatherings in every part of Great Britain, in most European countries, and in Australia and America, and I think I can safely say that I have never addressed huge audiences with greater pleasure than I have those in this Hall. They listen well. You saw them yourself."

"Yes, sir, they hung upon your words, and that too, on an excessively hot night, while the air was heavy with smoke from forest fires."

"Yes, and this is a big Hall, so the people are necessarily far away from the speaker, but in spite of that, I felt they were receiving my message, and my heart went out in great tenderness toward them."

Then came the voice of the Commissioner, who, on the love of Secretary and Colonel Pugnac, was a flower of Coombs' ever meeting with consummate skill, Foreign Secretary. It fell like a / at the mercy seat:

The Foreign Secretary smiled and said, "That number shows that your Canadian does act on his conviction, although he is somewhat slow to respond. They tell me he acts more on his intelligence than his emotions."

The prayer meeting had been a little stiff at the beginning.

"Is The Army here, anything like you expected to find it, Commissioner?"

"I have always been surprised to-night—see revolutionists."

"—it is general. Well, Commissioners, there are a few not residents."

"Is that a very pleased have seen, in of the single influences, the part of general aim have experienced on my visit has impressed me very much."

"And the Officers, Commissioner, may I ask you, who have seen the Officers of many different nationalities, how our strike you at the Councils?"

"The Officers! Oh, they went right into me. I shall never forget them. The capacity their personalities suggested; their mental alertness indicated by their readiness to perceive points and to appreciate them; the amount of soul they put into their singing, showed me that they were a band of Officers such as any leader might be proud to direct. Then again, the sympathy, so manifestly sincere, and so unobtrusively shown to Mrs. Howard and myself in our sorrow, has drawn us out very much toward them. In fact (and here the Commissioner spoke most decisively) I could not have gone on with the Councils, but for the loving sympathy shown us by everyone, from dear Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs and their family, down to the Cadets. My stay in Toronto will certainly be regarded as one of the weeks of my life," he added, reflectively."

"You have visited some of our Institutions in the city, I believe, Commissioner?"

"Yes, and I suppose you want to know what I think of them?"

"Canadian comrades would be delighted to know, sir."

"Well, I have been very much astonished at the variety of the institutions you have, the substantial properties they represent, and their obvious suitability for the uses to which they are put. The Women's Hospital, to wit—I consider it a model of its kind, and it should be a centre of great usefulness and blessing. Your readers will also want to know, I suppose, what I think of Toronto. I think it is a charming city. Its horticultural aspects, the number of tree-lined streets, its little verdant lawns in front of each home, and its multitude of churches, have produced a most agreeable impression upon both myself and Mrs. Howard."

"One other question, Commissioner." (For by this time, the Foreign Secretary was directing interested glances towards the prayer meeting.)

"You have heard the City Fathers, you have seen the good proportion of the citizens. How do you think The Army stands in the opinion of Toronto?"

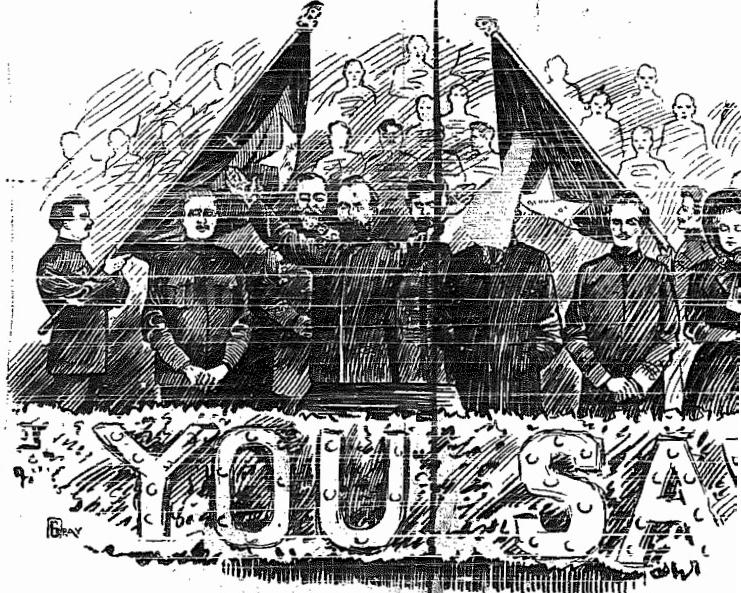
"That question is easily answered. You have only to remember the splendid remarks of the Mayor and his associates, to find out how Toronto regards The Army. I have, in my career listened to many chairmen's remarks, and heard a good number of persons in municipal positions speak at Army meetings, but I

Tribute to Comrades in Heaven

Memorial Meeting was a Most Impressive Combination of Music, Song, Symbolism and Feeling, Witnessed by a vast audience.

THE Great Memorial Service for Comrades in Heaven, held last Sunday evening, has lost none of its impressiveness, judging from the splendidly embellished hall, the warm rays of the Indian Summer, many from the streets to the woods and alleys, nevertheless, the spacious balconies of Massy Hall, only required a few hundred

The audience that had begun to assemble after two o'clock, saw in the centre of the stage red cross flanked on either side by the flags of the city, and groups of visiting delegations of the nations also embellished the scene an atmosphere of brightness and colour. On the edge of the platform had been a wide frame, covered with spruce balsam



Captain Cook, Colonel Brindle, Brigadier Roberts, Major and Mrs. Pitt
THE DEDICATION OF THE SIMULTANEOUS SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGNERS.

do not remember having heard people in authority more outspoken concerning the good work of The Army, and more and more evidently in sympathy than the gentlemen who spoke at the Civic Reception. So far as the public is concerned, the splendid, sympathetic crowds present at the meetings, speak eloquently of the respect in which The Army is held in Toronto.

"I have the impression that this Queen City of the West, as I have heard it called, estimates The Army approximately to its worth, and that, I think, speaks well for the intelligence of its citizens."

"One word more, Commissioner—this is not a question, sir. The War Cry's duty is to collect news, and in the discharge of that duty I have learned this—that whatsoever inconvenience you may have experienced by leaving London; whatever physical discomforts you and Mrs. Howard may have undergone in your journeys by land and sea; whatsoever it may have meant to you to have been away from your children at this sad juncture in your lives, the blessing you and Mrs. Howard have been to us, has been well worth the price paid."

The Commissioner was moved. His face showed how greatly he appreciated the fact that he had been made a blessing to his fellows.

unfading green being emblematical of the everlasting spring abides and never dies."

Three o'clock the Bands, under the direction of Morris, began to play the weird strains of the Army's funeral march, "Glory," during which the Foreign Secretary, Howard, and Commissioner and Mrs. Pitt took their places on the platform.

After the Commissioner had prayed, Colours were out that beautiful old hymn which embodies the Christian's highest hopes: "There is a Delight," with the refrain, "What, now?"

"Led by the Bands, the great host still, until the Moorish arches quivered and as one looked at the figures of secretary and his wife, whose wounds had bled and bled, and whose natural affection was still unbroken, but whose confidence in The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, the name of the Lord," one could feel what a scope and consolation was contained in the audience sang:

"And then we shall with Jesus reign And never part again."

Chief Secretary led the vast audience

SECRETARY IN THE MASSEY HALL

Our comrades would be delighted to know,

I have been very much astonished at the of the Institutions you have, the substantial es they represent, and their obvious suitability uses to which they are put. The Women's to, it wit—I consider it a model of its kind, and d be centre of great usefulness and blessing aders will also want to know, I suppose, what of Toronto. I think it is a charming city. Its aspects, the number of tree-lined streets, its verdant lawns in front of each home, and its de of churches, have produced a most agree- pression upon both myself and Mrs. Howard." other question, Commissioner." (For by this Foreign Secretary was directing interested towards the prayer meeting.)

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Tribute to Comrades in Heaven.

**Memorial Meeting was a Most impressive Com-
bination of Music, Song, Symbolism and Holy
Feeling, Witnessed by a Vast Audience.**

THE Great Memorial Service for comrades in Heaven, held last Sunday afternoon, has lost none of its impressiveness; nor, judging from the splendid crowd assembled, its interest for the people. Out the warm rays of the Indian Summer sun lured many from the streets to the woods and the lake, nevertheless, the capacious balconies of the Massey Hall, only required a few hundreds more to fill them to their utmost capacity. The audience that had begun to assemble shortly after two o'clock, saw in the centre of the platform, huge red cross flanked on either side by the massed flags of the city, and groups of visiting Officers, of the nations also embellished the stage, and an atmosphere of brightness and colour to the scene. On the edge of the platform had been fixed a wide frame, covered with spruce balsam boughs,

He prayed that God would comfort the sorrowing; would show the unconverted that the righteous hath hope in his death, and that in this meeting many might pass from death into life.

The Staff Band Male Choir then sang very beautifully and very feelingly, the song "One sweetly solemn thought comes to me 'tis cr and o'er," after which the Chief Secretary read the portion of Scripture selected. Then the grand strains of the Dead March in Saul, superbly played by the Bands, wailed its high notes of human grief to the accompaniment of solemn undertones of deepest sorrow; or, in unison, the trumpets and the basses crashed out a diapason of woe, throb- bing with the dull beats and hollow rolls of drums that were muffled.

But in direct contrast to this funeral music, there marched into the Hall, a procession of white-robed little children, headed by The Army flags; a number of them bearing huge gilded letters, jewelled with small electric bulbs, these letters were placed upon the rich green of the balsam, until there was gradually spelled out to the interested audience The Army's hope-inspiring substitute for the cold term death—"Promoted to Glory." The children, meanwhile, reverently and on bended knee faced the audience, until the other little ones had taken their place upon the platform, and transformed the crimson cross into one of snow-like purity.

The dirge of the Band ceased, and suddenly the lights were extinguished, and the gloom was illuminated by the electrically lit letters on the balsam boughs, while the childish treble of the little ones, pealed forth, fresh and clear as silver bells, the song "I have a home that is fairer than day" the spot light, in soft tints, playing upon them, made a scene of singular beauty and poetic suggestiveness.

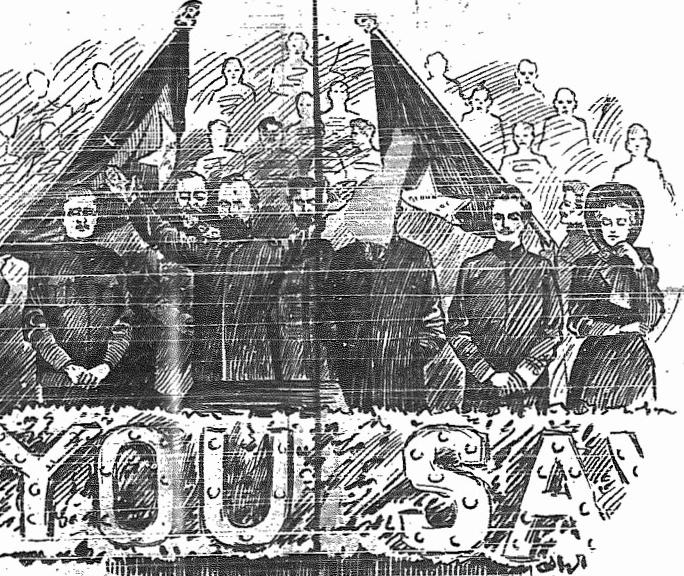
Then the Bands lifted up the jubilant strain of "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," as marched into the Hall a procession bearing the flags of the nations The Army labours amongst, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, in compliment to the presence of the Foreign Secretary, who was to address the meeting, and also indicating those countries wherein, under the one Blood and Fire flag, devoted soldiers of the Cross have fought and died.

"We hold it fitting," said the Commissioner, "that once a year we should pay a tribute to the comrades who have fought by our side, who have fallen on the battlefield, and whose graves it is not in our power to visit, and place a wreath upon; but who, true to their vows and to their God, are not to be forgotten. We hold them in loving remembrance. They were good and true; we treasure their memory, and thank God for their noble devotion and service."

The Commissioner also introduced our visitor in brief but very suitable terms, and informed us that shortly before coming to that meeting the tidings had been conveyed to him that a warlike comrade, Mrs. Ensign Flynn, had that afternoon been called Up Yonder and that not many days before, there had come floating over land and sea, from India to New York, the sorrowful message that the youngest son of Commissioner and Mrs. Howard, Captain Harry, had been promoted to Glory from Madras.

Commissioner Howard, who was, evidently labouring under considerable emotion, told of his difficulty that he had of composing his mind or controlling his feelings sufficiently to address such a gathering on such an occasion as this memorial meeting when they desired to keep fresh and green the memory of comrades who had fallen in the fight. He, however, rapidly mastered his emotion, and delivered a striking tribute to the memories of those who have gone triumphantly to Heaven from different parts of the Army battlefield. His reference to his own personal loss was most touching. "How could we know? How could we know," exclaimed the Commissioner, tones which went to every heart, "that when we are here to remember the fallen comrades, that young dear boy would be amongst those who this would be remembered amongst the comrades in Heaven. He was," said the sorrowing father, "a beautiful boy, a brave boy, a truly sanctified young man, and we had hoped for him a long career of usefulness, but as he declared before leaving for India, he was ready for either life or sacrifice. It has pleased the Lord to give him as a sacrifice. To his sorrowing mother, who was in London, had flashed this message, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

A



Colonel Brengle, Brigadier Roberts, Major and Mrs. Plant.
THE DEDICATION OF THE SIMULTANEOUS SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGNERS.

remember having heard people in authority unspeakable concerning the good work of The and more and more evidently in sympathy than those who spoke at the Civic Reception. So the public is concerned, the splendid, sympathetic crowds present at the meetings, speak eloquent the respect in which The Army is held in Tor-

ave the impression that this Queen City of the us I have heard it called, estimates The Army numerically to its worth, and that, I think, speaks the intelligence of its citizens."

word more, Commissioner—this is not a us, sir. The War Cry's duty is to collect news, the discharge of that duty I have learned this—whatever inconvenience you may have experienced by leaving London; whatever physical dis-

you and Mrs. Howard may have undergone journeys by land and sea; whatever it may be to you to have been away from your at this sad juncture in your lives, the bless-

and Mrs. Howard have been to us, has been the price paid."

Commissioner was moved. His face showed early he appreciated the fact that he had been

blessing to his followers.

unfading green being emblematical of that shore where "everlasting spring abides and never withering

ers."

three o'clock the Bands, under the baton of Mr. Morris, began to play the weirdly beauti-

strains of The Army's funeral march, "Promoted to Glory," during which the Foreign Secretary and

Howard, and Commissioner and Mrs. Comis-

sioner took their places on the platform.

After the Commissioner had prayed, Colonel Mapp

out that beautiful old hymn which embodies some

the Christian's highest hopes: "There is a Land of

Delight," with the refrain, "What, never part?

Led by the Bands, the great host sang those

until the Moorish arches quivered with the

and as one looked at the figures of the For-

mer Secretary and his wife, whose wounds were still

ad bleeding, and whose natural affections cried

out with anguish, but whose confidence in God said

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be

the name of the Lord," one could feel what a message

of hope and consolation was contained in the words

the audience sang:

"And then we shall with Jesus reign,

And never, never, part again."

Chief Secretary led the vast audience in prayer.

feeling of awe overspread the meeting as the Foreign Secretary made a solemn and impassioned appeal for the unsaved to prepare to face the great ordeal they would all be called upon to pass through.

After this address, so full of quiet dignity, moving pathos and stirring appeal, the Staff Band Male Choir sang the chorus "We shall walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death." Then the lights were turned down, the sheet was run up, and upon it appeared the dying testimonies of those whose victorious death was being commemorated. Words that never fail to move the living and quicken zeal and holy aspiration.

Amongst the portraits that were thrown upon the screen, were those of a number of Soldiers who had passed away during the year, some of whom had fought for twenty years or more under the Flag; also the portraits of the wife and family of Staff-Captain Symons, who early this year had, through an accident at Quebec, died on the voyage to England, and whose body was consigned to the deep off the banks of Newfoundland. There were also portraits of Captain Harry Howard and others whose deaths had been brought very closely to the hearts and minds of Canadian Salvationists.

In that great meeting there was light and colour; music and song and holy joy. But when that picture of the splendid young man in the Training Home garden in Madras, was thrown upon the sheet, think ye not that in spirit that mother was beside a lonely grave beyond the sea?

The service concluded with the portrait of The Army mother, her last message, and some striking calls to salvation and consecration being thrown upon the screen, and there is no doubt that this most impressive and interesting service will have a powerful influence upon the lives of many.

A Memorable Sunday Night.

The Foreign Secretary Receives a Large Expression of Appreciation, and Delivers an Address of Great Power and Interest, with Magnificent Results.

THE great Massey Hall presented a stirring sight at seven o'clock on Sunday night, when to the strains of "All round the world, The Army chariot rolls," a detachment of comrades filed on to the platform, bearing an imposing array of flags that indicated the countries in which The Army proclaims the unsearchable riches of Christ. May the Imperial Standard of Russia soon be included among them.

Following these flags came the Foreign Secretary and the Commissioner, and at the conclusion of this opening hymn, Brigadier Roberts, in an impassioned prayer, invoked God's blessing on the assembly.

The Commissioner then introduced the Foreign Secretary, and said that up to the present there had been no opportunity since Commissioner Howard had arrived in Toronto, to give a large expression of appreciation for the goodness of The General in sparing him from his heavy responsibilities to visit us in Toronto, and that The Army in this country deserved to place on record, their deep sense of gratitude for The General's consideration of Canada. The Commissioner paid a fine tribute to the manner in which the Foreign Secretary had met the great demands that had been made of him in connection with the Councils. Then the Commissioner called upon the audience to give expression to their appreciation by a cheer. At that moment the light was switched off, and a great white beam shot across the gloom to the back of the platform, revealing a sheet on which was inscribed in large black and red letters, the words "Welcome to Commissioner and Mrs. Howard and the visiting Officers." The great crowd then gave a thunderous clap, which should leave no manner of doubt on the minds of Commissioner and Mrs. Howard that their presence was heartily appreciated. Reference was also made to the great Simultaneous Soul-Saving Campaign that was to be waged from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and at that moment, letters formed of electric lights beamed out the startling question—"Are You Saved?" Oh, may it be an emblem of light, of conviction, that that question shall

(Continued on page 15.)

The Week-End's Despatches.

THE SUCCESS IN THE FIELD STILL CONTINUES, BUT—

We Shall Look Out for Greater Results, Comrades. After These Councils.

BEER, TOBACCO AND DEVIL GONE,

Naval Men Inspire Comrades.

During the past week some real desperate sinners have been won for God at Halifax I. On Tuesday night, October 6th, a dear woman knelt at the drum-head on the street corner. On Thursday night another "hard case" came to God and left his pipe, tobacco and devil behind. In this meeting we found a flask of gin which another man had left at the mercy seat, together with his sin and wrong. We have been blessed and encouraged much by the visit of the three naval comrades from H. M. S. "Cornwall." They are living monuments of God's grace.

On Sunday, October 11th, indescribable times from 7 a.m. till 10.30 p.m. God mightily blessed us in each meeting in which our Naval comrades took part. Brother Cook took the lesson in the afternoon. Grand rally at night; Adjutants Martin led on.—J. M. T.

THE NEW HALL.

The P. C. Please With Work.

Our Provincial Commander, Lieut-Colonel Turney conducted a salvation meeting at Shelburne, N. S., on October 6th. His discourse was, as usual, deep, stirring and full of power. Crowds were excellent both at open-air and indoor meetings.

The Colonel expressed himself as much pleased with the work that is being done on our new S. A. Hall.

At the close of Saturday night's meeting, we had the joy of seeing two brothers kneel at the mercy seat; one seeking pardon and the other a back-sider.

AN APPRECIATED VISIT.

We are still on the up line at Little Ward's Harbor, although the readers of the Cry have not heard from us for so long, yet thank God, we are not frozen up.

On October 8th, Lieutenant Oxford arrived, and brought with her our much loved Officer, Lieutenant Pynn, from Little Bay Island. They gave us a meeting the same night they arrived, and I tell you it was good to be there. Lieutenant Pynn spoke very forthrightly indeed, and one soul claimed salvation.—Rambler.

PEOPLE ARE ALL RIGHT.

Annapolis Royal. We have smashed our Harvest Festival target. The people of Annapolis are all right in coming to the assistance of The Salvation Army.

We are also having splendid meetings, led on by Adjutant Greenland and Captain McGorman, who are already proving a great blessing to the Soldiers' friends and Corps in general.—W. W. G.

SISTERS BEAT BROTHERS.

Good Signs All Round.

God is truly blessing us at Parr's. Souls are getting saved—about sixty have been to the mercy seat, since Ensign and Mrs. Smith have taken charge. Great interest is manifested in all of our meetings, and people are asking to be prayed for.

Ensign and Mrs. Smith report the late Councils in St. John as some of the best they ever attended.

Captain Holden, who has been visiting this place, has said farewell and gone West again. May God bless the Captain is our prayer.

The contest between the Brothers and Sisters of the Corps, as to which could make the best showing at knee-drill, has resulted in victory for the Sisters. So far, they are twenty-three ahead. Our circle is doing good work. All are looking forward to the expected visit of Brigadier Roberts.—Max.

THE VETERANS DANCE.

Marines Take Part in Meeting.

St. John's Newfoundland.—On Sunday we had with us all day a salvation sailor from H. M. S. "Cornwall." He was joined at night by two Marines, also Salvationists; their singing was much enjoyed, and each one spoke on the power of God to save and keep under the most trying circumstances. At the close of a good meeting, we had two souls at the mercy seat, and five women warriors whose years of salvation warfare total over one hundred years, did a Hallelujah dance.—Villie.

THAT TARGET!

It's gone!

What?

Why, Stellarion's Harvest Festival target. Yes, it's completely smashed—none of it left.

On Sunday, October 11th, five souls came to the mercy seat and five more have sought salvation since. Ensign Winge has received farewell orders. We are very sorry for this, but it is all in the War, isn't it, Mr. Editor?—T. H. A. M.

Since our last report from Seal Cove, F. B., we have said good bye to our much loved Officer Lieutenant Marsh, and have welcomed Lieutenant Fowler, whom we pray will make a great blessing to these people.

Lieutenant Marsh was stationed with us for about thirteen months, and the townspeople appreciated his service much.—T. Loveless.

Lee Cove.—Ensign and Mrs. Barry and Captain Burry led on our services on Sunday, October 11th. Fine days came up for the meetings, and the blessings were many. Our dear comrades are home once again, excepting God, and we are still in the good fight.—L. Cooper, Correspondent.

MAJOR AND MRS. PLANT.

Brantford Charmed With Their Music.

On Friday we had a visit from Major and Mrs. Tom Plant, two musicians of world-wide renown. At the meeting inside everybody was charmed by their musical skill and congenial manner. A large crowd again gathered on the Market Square on Saturday night, and at the inside meeting it soon became apparent that The S. A. Citadel was far too small to accommodate the eager throng of lovers of music. In order to give those who were unable to obtain admission a chance of hearing these distinguished musicians, it was decided to repeat the performance on Monday night.

The 11 o'clock holiness meeting was taken by our beloved visitors. The Major performed on the lute, and Mrs. Plant gave a splendid address.

At night the Band was on the Market Square, and the Songsters, under Mrs. Plant, were at the Fire Hall. The inside meeting was taken by Major Plant. The Major held the audience spellbound in a torrent of eloquent oratory. One soul found salvation.

A WEDDING IN B. C.

Two Nelson Comrades Unite in the War.

An Army wedding is something that doesn't often take place in Nelson, B. C., and when it was announced that two of our comrades were to be married, one can easily imagine that not little interest and enthusiasm was aroused, and many questions asked concerning the parties.

On Thursday evening, October 1st, at The Army Citadel, while the Band played the opening song the wedding party were led to the platform by Mrs. Adjutant Gosling, and took their stand under the arch that had been erected and very prettily decorated for the occasion.

The bride, Sister Catherine Poulson, was attended by Sister Elizabeth Meachem. The groom was ably supported by Brother William Bellington. Little Queenie Gosling, daughter of the Adjutant, made a very pretty flower girl. The ceremony was performed by Adjutant Gosling and the "I will" said in a way that left no doubt in the minds of those present.

A winding supper was prepared by the Soldiers of the Corps, and a very enjoyable evening spent.—One who was there.

WON THE PEOPLES' HEARTS.

A Visit From the Former Leader.

Guelph.—We have just had our Harvest Festival. The weekend services were conducted by our former Officer, Captain Bertha Thompson, and we certainly had a good time.

Our present Officers, Captain Lugar and Pollitt, have certainly got into the hearts of the Soldiers and friends. Their musical abilities, smiling faces and cheerful dispositions are certainly a help and blessing to one and all.

The Harvest Festival target has been smashed and souls have been converted and made into Fighting men.—S. Ryden, Correspondent.

SARNIA'S SUCCESSES.

Captain L. Palmer Farewells.

Sarnia's Harvest Festival effort came to a very successful close on September 28th.

On the eve of this great effort the Officers arranged a special Soldiers' meeting, in the form of a supper, at which, (assisted by the Local Officers) they very enthusiastically called to the attention of every comrade, the great importance of this work. The people were kind, and the business men came nobly to our assistance. On the evening of September 28th, an auction sale was arranged. Mr. Yeates, of this town, was engaged for the auction sale. A gentleman who, for years, has been a liberal giver to The Army, bought a quantity of the things, and gave them to the Officers. In all, the sale realized \$170.00.

We are sorry to say Captain Palmer has farewelled. During the Captain's stay here, she has laboured untiringly in the interests of The Army, and obstacles of all kinds have successfully been overcome by the Captain's perseverance and energy.—H. A. T.

ESTEEMED OFFICERS.

Farewell From North Sydney.

After a year of untiring service in North Sydney, Ensign and Mrs. Hamilton farewelled on Sunday night to a full house. Many regret the departure of these comrades, for they were highly esteemed beyond the S. A. circles, for the good work done by the preaching of the Gospel.

The Ensign, before speaking from his lesson, spoke very kindly and highly of his successors, Ensign and Mrs. Wedge; North Sydney Corps wishes them every blessing in their new Corps.—J.

A RECORD DAY.

Adjutant and Mrs. White and Capt. McGrath at Rivardale.

Adjutant and Mrs. White were at Rivardale on Sunday, October 11th. The meetings all day were well attended, and the spiritual barometer indicated "high pressure."

Captain McGrath ably assisted all day. Mrs. Adjutant White spoke very impressively, and when the Adjutant drew in the net, six souls were captured for the Master. The financials beat all previous records, about \$40.00 being donated during the day.

The following paragraph is from the Perth "Courier":

"A Hallelujah wedding will be celebrated in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, September 28th, by Brigadier Hargraves, of Montreal. The event is of direct interest to The Salvation Army Corps in Perth for two reasons: they are the sponsors of the occasion, and in the second place, the Captain of the Corps here, Captain Lizzie Thompson, is to be the happy bride. The groom is Ensign Samuel Ashe, of Montreal. When Captain Thompson came to Perth last Fall, she found but few members of The Salvation Army; today she leads a strong active band and has enrolled the sympathetic interests of many citizens of all denominations."

"She will be missed if she leaves Perth."

VISIT OF THE D. O.

A service of Song Rendered.

On Monday, October 11th, Paris had a pleasant visit from Major and Mrs. Green. A very nice open-air was held, also a splendid meeting inside. Major and Mrs. Green's solos were very much appreciated.

On Saturday evening the Songsters gave the service of song entitled "The Wreck of the Larchmont." From under the platform came the echo of "Nearer, My God to Thee," also part of "Rock of Ages." It was very real. A good audience was present and the programme was much enjoyed. Refreshments and a collection followed and ended another of our series of pleasant Saturday evenings.—M. W.

VISITING THE COVES.

Mean to Displace the Devil.

Arnold's Cove.—Four souls have found salvation within the past few days, one being the Lieutenant's brother.

On Saturday morning our Captain left here for a visit to Chance Cove, and Lieutenant also held a meeting at Wade Island. Just after leaving the Cove a storm arose and we took in some water, but arrived at our destination quite safely. The Lieutenant is a good sailor, in addition to being a good leader.

Our faith for souls is very high, and we are determined to throw the old devil out this month.—Happy Jack.

SCOTCH AND IRISH.

Meet at Kinmount Circle.

Canton Master.—The G. B. M. man, or "Hallelujah-Irishman" has visited Kinmount Circle and had a very successful time. Captain Potter made the meetings widely known, and the places visited were Norland, Cobcreek and Haliburton. At the latter place Brother and Sister Lucas worked hard to get the people to the meetings, and the Hall was packed. Everyone was delighted with the lantern service. The finances were excellent.

Kinmount Circle is certainly going ahead. Captain Potter has had a successful Harvest Festival, the target being smashed and a considerable sum being raised over and above. A number of souls have been saved lately, and an enrolment is soon to take place.—On Tramp.

The light still wages hot here (where correspondent has omitted the name of his Corps). On Friday night, one poor woman came to the penitent form telling of her unhappy lot. She was pointed to the Cross, and on Sabbath morning she came to kneel and gave her heart to God. She makes a good profession. Glory to God for one.

We have had our Hall nicely decorated. Our Officers have left for the Councils, but the Locals are going to put up a strong attack.—On Tramp.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Miles were at Simcoe on Sunday, October 11th. Ensign Baird led on in the morning and the Staff-Captain in the afternoon. Ensign and Mrs. Ash were also with us, and the latter's address at night was very convincing. One soul sought and found the Saviour.—Brother Makepeace.

AT THE TEMPLE.

The Chief Secretary Conducts Great Meetings on Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—Twenty-five at the Mercy Seat.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

By Major Morris.

It was 11 p. m., when we finished, still ten souls kneeled at the mercy seat, a sight well worth remaining for, and, as the Chief Secretary expressed, more to be appreciated than to have been wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

The first at the penitent form was a poor drunkard, who had seemed to be somewhat a nuisance during the meeting, and who certainly had made a sudden ending to Brigadier Morehen's stirring talk. But the Far Eastern D. O. rose well to the occasion, and instead of being baffled or muddled, strove first to get the drunkard to kneel and cry for pardon, and failing for the time in this, sat complacently beside him, kept him quiet throughout the rest of the service, and finally, as stated, led him to the Cross. When he arose to his feet his face had changed completely, his feet were firm and steady—a transformation was apparent.

But we have started at the finish—Well, what does it matter? That magnificent open-air, the triumphant march, headed by Colonel Mapp, which entered the Temple to the very full and melodious strains of the Staff Band, the prayers later in the Hall, of Lieut-Colonel Gaskin and Mrs. Colonel Mapp, the talks by Major Frank Morris, Brigadier Burdett, Adjutant Cabrit, Headquarter's Male Chorus, and Major and Mrs. Plant's instrumental music, were all to bring about that glorious finish of ten souls in the fountain.

Colonel Mapp made a capable and zealous leader. We all, early in the service, caught his spirit, and the good old Temple was made to ring from the commencement of the meeting with heavenly praises, vocal and instrumental, and the result of it all we have nearly told. We conclude by referring to the last woman who came to God. She was fashionably dressed very gaily, the struggle she had to get to the penitent form. She started, hesitated, retreated, came back, and then turned as if to leave the building unsaved. It was a serious moment or two. Hallelujah! she got the victory at last, and a melting and blessed sight it was to see her confessing and forsaking her sins.

SUNDAY MORNING.

By Brigadier Scott-Potter.

It was an expectant crowd that filed into the Temple on Congress Sunday morning. Expectancy assumed to be written right across the faces of the people in the congregation.

The influence of the Officers' meetings had verily not been confined to the Council chamber, for its effect was plainly manifest and keenly felt immediately the meeting was opened. Mrs. Colonel Gaskin's prayer for Divine blessing and guidance was beautifully answered, as the service progressed. The lining out of an old time hymn, sung by Major Creighton's

prayer, the T. H. Q. Minstrels selection, and Mrs. Mapp's definite testimony, all seemed the right thing at the right time, and each contributed its own proportion, so far as the success of the service was concerned.

When the Chief Secretary stood up to deliver the address of the morning, the feast had already been prepared. In an eloquent and thrilling talk, the Colonel drove home the truth that "He that winneth souls is wise." He contrasted wisdom with various sorts of human learning and showed that the latter, no matter how much one possessed of it, was an insufficient equipment for the one who desired to win souls to Christ. He aptly illustrated this by referring to a visit he once paid to a German cathedral. The caretaker, an old lady, showed him round the magnificent building, carefully explaining all about the various things that adorned it. She waxed eloquent over a description of a figure of Christ on the Cross, and the Colonel said to her, "You seem to know all about the great events these figures symbolise, but, do you know the power of the Cross in your life?"

"Ah, no," she replied, "but I do."

"You see," said the Colonel to his audience, "she had the knowledge and her son had the wisdom." He concluded by urging all to enter into a more determined warfare for souls, relating the story of an Indian Officer as an example. This Officer attended The General's Councils, and in the light that came to his soul saw that he had done practically nothing for Christ. He went away into the jungle and fasted and prayed for a whole week. Then he went forth with his soul on fire, and poured out his heart upon the village people round about. As a result, three thousand persons turned to the Lord.

The can for consecration of flesh and blood, was responded to by many Soldiers, and the meeting wound up amid shouts of rejoicing over a crowded altar.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

Raised by P. S. M. Ward, of London.

Six souls have recently sought salvation at London. One knelt at the drumhead. In the interests of our Harvest Festival target, we held a musical meeting on Thursday. The Band and Songsters did splendid service. We might say that P. S. M. Mrs. Way, obtained \$75.00 on her collecting card. She is truly a hustler.—Observer.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Three souls came to God during the past week at Saskatoon. We are all looking forward to the visit of our Commissioner, on October 29th. The Presbyterian people have promised us the use of their church, and the Mayor of the city has consented to occupy the chair on that occasion.

I might say that in connection with the Harvest Festival effort, Bremer McKee raised \$20.00 over and above his target. He was second champion collector.—H. Moon.

Band Chat.

On Monday, October 12th, the Ligier Band held a social evening, at which the Bandsmen's wives—or prospective brides—also took part. It was the occasion of Adjutant Hudson's quarterly meeting with the Band boys, and the fact that the wives and "intendents" were present added interest and profit to the gathering, which was entirely a home-like affair.

Guelph's progressive Band has recently been measured up for new uniform from Headquarters. This is a much needed step, and one in the right direction. We are glad to say, matters under Bandmaster Dawson are doing well.

The London H. Band, composed of six players, recently made its first appearance in the open-air, and delighted all the people of the neighbourhood. Adjutant Sabino and Captain Payne have laboured hard at this Corps during the past year.

Saskatoon Band boys are on the scheming line. The scheme they propose to adopt in order to raise funds for their instruments, is quite new, and so their correspondents says, will be successful if it all goes well. Bandmaster Coleman and Band-Sergeant McLaren are doing their very utmost for the good of the Band boys.

BIG FIGURES.

Officers' Glad Return.

New Aberdeen.—On Tuesday night we welcomed back Captain and Mrs. Hargrove. We believe the entire town, not to mention the Corps, is delighted to have our dear Officers spend another term with us. During the year they have been with us a splendid work has been done. 155 souls have knelt at the mercy seat, seventy Soldiers have been added to the roll, and the attendances have been trebled. \$1,400 has been raised towards the new Citadel, \$185.00 for furnishings, \$700.00 for the Band, \$100.00 for furnishing Quarters, and \$450.00 for S.-D. & Harvest Festival, besides meeting the ordinary expenses of the Corps.

On Sunday we had Envoy Garrow with us, at night seven souls came forward. On Tuesday night two more found mercy. We are believing for a harvest of souls.—Soldier.

STILL HAVING GOOD TIMES.

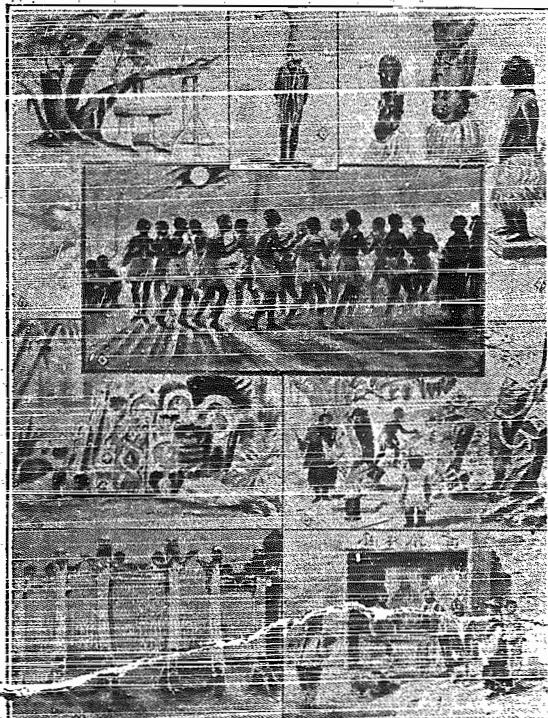
We are still having good times at Vancouver. Our Harvest Festival Sunday and meetings were conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Watkiss, assisted in the afternoon and evening by No. 1 Junior Band. We spent a good day, and all enjoyed the Adjutant's inspiring talks.

Friday night, we finished our Harvest Festival week with a Sale of fruit and vegetables, and a soup service, entitled "Sowing and Reap-ing."—A. McGill.

Newmarket.—We had Captains Phillips, of Hamilton, with us for the weekend; October 10-11. Good meetings were held, and we felt God's presence very near to us. Captain Bouthron has farewelled. We pray that God will go with the Captain to new Corps. Keep believing for news from Newmarket.—J. E. M.

Remarkable Religions.

Those Who Bow Down to Gods of Wood and Stone.



A tree that is worshipped in China, showing the small flags and bands that bear expressions of gratitude for prayers answered. 2. A Central Australian native as the Emu Totem, which is regarded with superstitious respect by many. 3. Ta'aroa, the chief god worshipped by Pomare I., of Tahiti, with two lesser gods. 4. The Sacred Reed-Dance of the Bechuanas, each dancer in which, plays on a reed. 5. Hindus worshipping the Cobra, as represented by clay images. 6. The "Cobiated Little One" of Madagascar, Chief Fetish of the Central Province of Imerina. 7. Confucianism: the Altar of Heaven, the most important structure in China. 8. Chinese bowing before the Shrine of the Fox, which is depicted as a man.

T a recent missionary Congress in London, Eng., there was assembled together within the confines of a building, an almost bewildering array of the outward signs of the inward graces or superstitions of primitive and more enlightened man. Certain of these we illustrate elsewhere in this number, and here we amplify somewhat the descriptions there given, taking the drawings in order.

The worship of trees is general not only in China, but in Japan, and has the halo of antiquity about it. As a rule, the tree is an old one—one that has withstood the storms of ages—and in it is supposed to live a spirit, who is named after his dwelling-place: Venerable Father Fir-tree, or what not. The tree shown in the illustration is credited with the possession of great powers of healing.

The emu totem is of especial interest. "A totem," says a definition, "is a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation." In Central Australia natives favour such totems as kangaroo, dingo, emu, cloud, and crow. The Initichluna ceremonies take place once a year—in the breeding-season of the particular totem chosen by the group. In the case of the emu, blood is taken from the arms of the men, allowed to dry on the ground, and made to form the basis of a rough drawing of the anatomy of the emu. Further ceremony

take place round this, and on the following morning other rites are performed by two natives, so painted and adorned that they suggest the emu with its long neck, who imitate in primitive fashion, the movements of the bird.

The god Ta'aroa, of Tahiti, was looked upon as the God of Heaven, Creator of all things. Its back could be removed, and in the hollow thus disclosed were a number of figures, designed to illustrate the creative powers of the idol.

The Bechuanan reed-dance yields proof that among the Bechuana people are still to be found signs of the totem. When a native seeks an owner's tribe, he says, "What do you dance?" and the dance is a most important part of his religion.

Snakes are worshipped by the Hindus, doubtless in recognition of the power that enables them to kill some twenty thousand Indians each year. The annual festival known as Nag Panchami, is given up to the cobra in particular, and it is then especially that the snake, in the form of clay images, is worshipped.

The Altar of Heaven is in the southern part of Peking, and is of white marble. At it, the Emperor, as High Priest of the Chinese, offers up worship and sacrifice to Heaven on the morning of the Winter solstice. Less imposing, yet in some ways equally important, are those wayside shrines at which animals are worshipped—the fox, the weasel, the hedgehog, the snake, and the rat (otherwise, the "Five Great Families")—which are believed to know the secret of immortality. A specific to these animals is to be found attached to most houses in the country-

side in North China. The fox is favoured as a great doctor.

The masks that are so important a part of the religious rites of the Papuan, are guarded jealously, and no woman or girl may enter a house containing them on pain of immediate death.

Reverence is paid to stones—or rather, to spirits associated with stones—in the New Hebrides. The natives believe that when a man dies he goes to a place thirty miles below the earth's surface, and becomes at once a power for good or evil in the lives of the living. In this stage he is called "namata." In Malekula, every village has its clearing for namata ceremonies, and there are the sacred stone and semi-circle of trees carved to represent namata.

On Murray Island, in the Torres Straits, hero-worship was prevalent. The chief hero was known to the uninitiated and to the women as Malu; his secret name, known only to the initiated and revealed on pain of death, was Bonai. In the initiation ceremonies three sacred men played the chief part, all of them painted red, and the centre one wearing a great mask of tortoiseshell, with a beard made of human lower-jaw bones.

Ancestor-Worship is found in the eastern half of the continent of Africa. The scene in which Lobengula appears as chief actor shows the King, who was both King and priest, dedicating to particular ancestors some two hundred black oxen destined for the sacrifice.

The Kitchen God of China is, perhaps, not rightly so called. He has place over the cooking-range, but he is the "Recording Angel" of the Chinese house, and it is his duty to note the actions of each member of the family and report them to the gods at the end of every month. Once a year, too, he goes to heaven in person, and makes his annual report. So, once a year the family prostrate themselves before him, carry him in

procession, and finally burn him, while crackers are fired.

The ancestor-worship of China is well known to call for much description, but it may be said that the dead are represented by wooden tablets, which are relegated to the background as new ones come to take their place. Ancestors are seldom worshipped individually after the third generation, and never after the fifth.

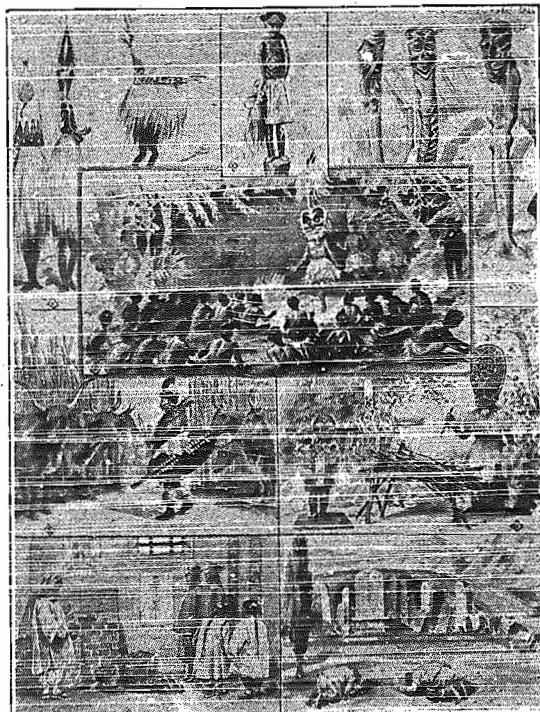
LOVE MEANS SACRIFICE.

There was a painter who outvied all his fellow-artists in producing marvellous crimson hues in his pictures, so as to be the envy and delight of them all. They tried to learn his secret, but without avail. But day by day while his pictures increased in vitality, until they found him one morning lying with his white face against his easel, dead. And then they discovered his secret. Underneath his arm was a great hole from whence he had gradually drained his own heart's blood wherewith to mix his colours. The parable is not difficult to read. The best work always means sacrifice.

AFFECTION.

Kindly actions begin from a sense of duty blossom into affection, and afford some of the sweetest pleasures earth can bestow. Active industry, at first painful and arduous, unfolds our powers, and comes to be the source of keenest satisfaction. Purity of thought, word and deed, sought at first from a knowledge of His righteousness, come at last to be the natural air which the spirit loves to breathe.

Thus duty of every kind, containing within it the germs of delight and beauty, will, if cherished, develop the sweetest flowers and richest fruits, and the good and beautiful will clasp hands and claim kinship for ever.



1. Masks associated with the darkest heathen rites of the Papuan. 2. A wooden figure from the New Hebrides. 3. A Sacred Stone surrounded by Namata, representing good or evil spirits; New Hebrides. 4. The worship of the Great Hero, Malu, or Bonai, in Murray Island, in the Torres Straits. 5. Lobengula apportioning black oxen among the Royal Guardian Ancestral Spirits, preparatory to the slaughtering of the beasts. 6. Mavungu, The Avenger, whose vengeance might be made to take any course; from the Congo. 7. A Chinese family prostrating themselves before the kitchen god, whose image is above the cooking-range. 8. The worship of ancestors in China.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

At the International Congress on Moral Education, recently held in London, Lieutenant-Colonel Roussel, of our International Education Department, read a paper on this aspect of Salvation Army work.

The fact that The Army was represented at this important Congress, including, as it did, delegates from the principal nations of the world, and from the most renowned seats of learning, is significant of the esteem in which the Organisation is held by these International delegates.

When the chairman of the session, the Right Honourable Sir William Ashton (Oxford University) called upon the Colonel, the Congress gave a spontaneous expression of pleasure at the sight of The Army uniform. Many points in the paper were heartily applauded. Several members of the Congress afterwards expressed their pleasure at seeing The Army represented, and Professor Sadler came down from the platform and spoke of his appreciation of our teaching.

At the opening of a Sale of Work in connection with the Watford Harvest Festival, a unique and interesting promise of twenty-five years' standing, was fulfilled by Mr. F. Fisher, J. P.

The promise, it appears, was made to Brother Ayres—at that time one of the worst drunkards in the town—on the occasion of his conversion at an Army penitent form. It was to the effect that if he kept sober for twenty-five years, he, Mr. Fisher, would present him with a silver medal.

The silver medal was pinned to the Salvationist's breast by Miss Fisher.

UNITED STATES.

The first day's engagements of Commissioner and Mrs. Estill were marked with a wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit, and well filled penitent forms resulted.

Commander Eva Booth recently dedicated the "Bertha Home"—a new branch of the Cherry Tree Orphanage. Commissioner Howard was a welcome visitor at the service. The opening prayer was made by the Rev. J. Packard Clissel, whose generosity prompted the gift of \$5,000 to the building in memory of his glorified wife, whose name, Bertha, the structure will commemorate.

INDIA.

The Harvest Festival in India has been a success, and Indian Salvationists have been much encouraged by the spirit displayed, and the sympathy shown them.

From various quarters reports like the following have come to hand: "Our people have doubled their highest previous amount."

"This year we realised four-times as much as was ever given in the past."

"Our Soldiers gave to the Harvest Festival for the first time."

At one place, certain persons in authority, who had previously persecuted those who became Salvationists, helped to raise the Corps target.

The subjoined incident shows how faith and gratitude work together for the glory of God in India:

"A Soldier, whose crop failed for



Cobourg Band and Corps—Captain and Mrs. Smith In Centre.

Top Row—Brothers Rawlings, Dunring, Cork, Davies, Hempstead, Second Row—Brothers Horton, Scott, Cowan, Mrs. Captain Smith and little boy, Brother Westlake, Captain Smith, Brothers Beare, Wilson, Curry, Third Row—Brothers Wilson, Sutton, Holmes, Hempstead, Horton.

the first time and had sown for the second time (hope against hope) promised God that he would give a special offering out of the Harvest. Accordingly, he gave nearly one-tenth of the produce as a thank-offering."

WEST INDIES.

The Chief Secretary of the West Indian command writes concerning his campaign with the Territorial Commander (Lieut.-Colonel Maidment): "We visited the Hade, Savla-Mar, and Black River. We climbed mountains, descended valleys, and found Baron and Sir Officers and Soldiers away in the bush. The mode of transit was subject to variation; the changes were rung as follows: train, buggy, horse, and 'shank's pony.' I defy either train or buggy to go where the intelligent mountain ponies carried us." When the mail left, Colonel Maidment was in the midst of a tour to Colon, Barbadoes, and Demerara.

NEW ZEALAND.

The Naseby correspondent of the New Zealand War Cry relates a characteristic adventure of the Corps Officers.

They had gone to a neighbouring settlement, Wadderburn, when a tremendous snow storm swept over the country. The roads were rendered impassable, but The Salvation Army Officers quickly found something to do. They had come out to feed spiritual "sheep," and remained to "muster and feed sheep which were snowed in."

The correspondent continues: "On the Sunday night after the heavy fall of snow, two comrades held an open-air, standing a heap of snow. It was a beautiful time, for they felt God was near."

"Our Officers returned home after being snowed up for nearly three weeks. They held their usual open-air on the Saturday night, with the torch stuck in a bank of snow."

SOUTH AFRICA.

Whilst in Johannesburg, Lieut.-Col. Kitching visited the Hall and Quarters of the native Corps, and was much interested in the account given of the work being carried on there.

Among those who called on The General in Cape Town, was the Hos-

J. X. Merriman, Prime Minister of Cape Colony. Mr. Merriman had three-quarters of an hour's conference with our Leader.

A large tortoise presented itself at our Johannesburg Rescue Home one morning about three months ago, and established itself on the grounds. It has ever since made itself thoroughly at home. "Jack," as he is got to be called, is a general pet—and a knowing old customer, too!

It was a great pleasure for Mrs. Acting Commissioner Richards to meet her eldest son, Adjutant William Richards, who is acting as secretary to The General. It is five years since mother and son last saw each other.

Before he left England for South Africa with The General, Colonel Lawley was commissioned by the parents of a young man who lost his life in the war, to visit his grave on their behalf. The Colonel discharged this duty when at Kroonstad, finding the grave well kept and in good order in the military cemetery.

JAPAN.

Writing from Hakodate, Northern Japan, Captain Montgomery describes an interesting experience. We have just sworn-in four Soldiers—quite an interesting ceremony here. Even more interesting was the farewell of Candidate Oyama for the Training Home in Tokio.

"Oyama was converted as a boy, in one of Commissioner Ralton's meetings in Japan. His parents are Buddhists, and at first tried hard to dissuade their son from following the Christian religion. But, to use their own words, 'It was of no avail; Oyama was resolved on being a Christ, preacher, and, therefore, we have now given him freely to work in The Salvation Army.'

"Although working early and late, as a student, during his Soldiership, Oyama found time to attend almost every open-air meeting, selling in addition, fifty copies of each issue of The War Cry."

"On the way to his farewell service, he linked up another young man, and brought him to the Hall, where he, too, found salvation."

"At the close of the meeting, we marched him to his home with Colours and lanterns. As we sang and prayed outside his door, his mother

came out and sobbingly thanked us. "The next morning at the boat, we sang in Japanese, 'God be with you till we meet again.'

DENMARK.

The fact that their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark entertain a warm regard for the work of The Salvation Army has been manifested on several occasions, the most interesting instance being their generous reception of The General when last he visited Copenhagen.

From the Danish War Cry we now learn that the King, during a recent tour through the Province of Jutland, again gave repeated proof of his sympathy with our comrades.

At Aalborg and Nykøbing, His Majesty warmly greeted The Army Officers, who had been invited to participate in his reception, and on both occasions spoke a few appreciative words concerning the Organisation and The General.

Our Officer at Hjørring, another town in Jutland, awaited the royal train with Band and Soldiers, and the King was quick to notice their presence.

ALL ON FIRE.

We have welcomed to Trout River, our new Commanding Officer, Captain F. Jones. She is all on fire for souls and very much interested in the work of the Corps.

We have raised our Harvest Festival target, although the fishing village this year has been very poor financially. Everybody seemed interested in the cause of God.—William Payne.

Prince Albert.—Last Sunday, Oct. 4th, two sons came to God. Monday and Tuesday's meetings were led by Ensign Tudge, of Wimborne. Good crowds came along to hear the Ensign, to whom we extend a hearty invitation for a return visit.—A Soldier.

You can never tell when you do an act Just what the result will be; But with every act you are sowing seed.

Though the harvest you cannot see, Each kindly act is an acorn dropped In God's productive soil; Thou cannot know, yet the tree will grow, And shelter the boughs that tell.

Personalities.**"YOUR BROTHER."****An Appeal for Young Men and Women to Give Themselves Up to God and The Army for Officership.****WHAT ABOUT YOU, READER?**

SOME OLD building had to be torn down to make room for an up-to-date structure.

Whilst the demolition was in progress, a cry was raised. The crumbling walls had buried a workman. The foreman gave immediate orders for all hands to set to work for his release, not stopping to enquire the victim's name. Neither did he notice, apparently, the significant glances of his men.

The good fellows worked with will, but so great was the mass of debris, and so thick the clouds of rising dust, that they made but slow headway.

As they paused, stifled moans of distress from their buried workmate reached their ears. It was on hearing these that the foreman asked, "Who is this poor unfortunate man?" An ominous pause followed.

Would he venture to tell him? At last someone spoke up. "Sir, it is your brother."

With a cry of anguish, the foreman flung off his coat, and seized a shovel. He had been content before to watch the others toll for the rescue of the entombed man, but now he could no longer stand coldly by.

His own flesh and blood was lying there, suffocating beneath a mass of stone and mortar, and no effort should be spared to save him.

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MAJOR AND MRS. PLANT'S IMPRESSIONS.

Their Services are Much Appreciated, and They Expect Great Times in the North-West.

Major and Mrs. Plant report that they have had splendid times at the different places they have visited. Their musical service has attracted great crowds. Large numbers of people who would not attend ordinary Army meetings have been reached, and much prejudice removed. At Belleville, the largest crowd filled the Barracks that has been seen there for the last twenty years. Requests for the service to be repeated have been numerous, and many people have shown their appreciation of it in a very practical manner.

One gentleman was so pleased with what he heard that he sent a joint of meat to the Officers' Quarters the next day.

At Kingston, a barber shut up his shop for the night, in order to go and hear the Musical Wonder. Every week-end souls have knelt at the memory seat.

The Major and his wife are looking in the best of health, and their hopes are high for a splendid time in the North-West. They have received many encouraging letters from Officers out there, who seem delighted to have them visit their Corps. The Major says that he hardly recognises Canada now; it has changed so much in sixteen years. This is Mrs. Plant's first visit to our shores, and she is greatly pleased with all she has seen as yet. She sends her love to all her Canadian comrades.

NEWS FROM KLONDIKE.

Just a few lines from far away Klondike, to say that the Salvation War here is going on apace, and that we are doing our best for God and souls.

Our crowds are increasing every week in the Barracks, and nowhere has it been my privilege to work among a nicer lot of folks.

We are still carrying the message of salvation to the fallen girls in Klondike City, and it is beautiful to note how anxious they are not to miss a word, either in song or exhortation.

We attend the N.W.M.P. prisoners and conduct services with them every Sunday morning; and we believe that much good is being done. We are waiting the decision now of those in authority, hoping to get a woman's sentence shortened, and then take her to Vancouver to the St. A. Homes before navigation closes.

We held a special music and song service the other night. We are going to arrange for another such service to take place in a few weeks' time, and expect to get a much larger Hall for that occasion; we already have the promise of a couple of prominent business men to this end.

The days are fast getting shorter and there is snow on some of the hills, but we mean to push God and The Salvation Army's claims as hard and faithful as ever.

Through the kindness of a Mr. Ryan, an ex-N.W.M.P. Policeman, I may be able to send you some very interesting reading, and some more pictures for the *War Cry* in the near future.

Sincerely yours, for God and souls,
George S. Johnstone, Capt.

Brigadier Burditt, Major Taylor, Staff-Captain Desbray, Adjutant McRae, Ensign Tudge, and Captain Webber, formed the party of delegates to the Congress from the North-West. The Brigadier says that the work is progressing in his Province. Nearly every Corps has a Barracks of its own, and the Officers are an enthusiastic and loyal body of workers as can be found anywhere.

Good progress is being made at Calgary, under Staff-Captain Coombs, and at Winnipeg, under Staff-Captain Desbray, Adjutant and Mrs. Landstrom, in command of the Swedish Corps, at Winnipeg, are rejoicing over the birth of a little girl. Seven Soldiers were recently enrolled at their Corps by Major Taylor, and several recruits are awaiting their turn.

Last week an error crept into the report of the civic reception. It was stated that Lieut.-Colonel Turner was the first Canadian-born Officer to win and wear the red cross in this country. That is not the case; our dear comrade Mrs. Blanche Johnston, as Lieut.-Colonel Read, has that honour. We were glad to see this comrade at the Councils, although she is by no means so strong as we would like.

Major Simco conducted a little ceremony at Territorial Headquarters last Monday, which was of great interest and pleasure to the Headquarters' junior, Brother Miller and his dear wife. It was the dedication to God of their little eleven days old daughter, Dorothy Joy.

Major Miller, the Architect, has returned from Montreal, where he has been engaged on the work of the new Citadel and Metropole, which reports are fast nearing completion.

We regret to hear that Captain Payne, who recently had to undergo a serious operation at London. She was able to attend the Congress, however.

Adjutant S. Hyde, Newman and Wiggin, we hear, will soon be leaving Ontario's sunny hills and dashes for the land of the Stars and Stripes.

Ensign Clark, of Soo, Mich., recently had the joy of pointing to the Saviour, a murderer incarcerated in the jail. The authorities sent for the Ensign, and in the little cell, salvation was brought to the woman's heart. She was eventually released on the ground that the terrible deed was committed in self-defence. The Ensign attended the Toronto Congress.

The kit of Adjutant Thorlkilson, of Glen Vowell, B.C., and now in Toronto, contains some very interesting Indian curiosities, among them being the complete outfit—pipes, amulets, totem poles, etc., of an Indian warrior chief, who has been converted through the influence of The Army in B.C.

Mrs. Adjutant Thorlkilson is staying at her home in Klysthy, near Owen Sound. During the Adjutant's absence, Lieutenant Evans is bravely carrying on operations at Glen Vowell.

Adjutant Hudson, the able leader of Legion Street, Toronto, has experienced quite a breakdown. His health is very unsatisfactory at the present time, and we would enlist the prayers and sympathy of our comrades on his behalf.

Captain Johnstone, of Dawson City, Klondike, has recently been appointed by the presiding Judge to sit in court to receive cases of first offence (chiefly among the young women who might better be helped by the Army than the prison cell).

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The Foreign Secretary in the Massey Hall.

(Continued from page 9.)

brought into many sin-darkened minds.

The Foreign Secretary replied in a very interesting manner, and expressed the great pleasure it had been to him to visit Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs and the Canadian comrades, and how much he prized the fact that he would be able to go away with the personal friendship of The Army in Toronto. He also greatly appreciated the fact that he was present at the inauguration of such a splendid soul-saving enterprise as that of the simultaneous Soul-Saving Campaign, and that it would be his pleasurable duty to dedicate the Campaigners, whom he could now ask to stand forward under The Army Colours. Colonel Brengle, Brigadier Roberts, Major and Mrs. Plant, and Captain Cook then took their places under the flags, and were impressively dedicated to this special service. Colonel Brengle offering up a dedicatory prayer.

Commissioner Cadman, one of the Campaigners, was, at the time, carrying on special soul-saving work in Newfoundland.

Oh, may these dear comrades be baptised with a special unction from on high for their great work.

After this interesting ceremony, Capt. A. Cook, who will accompany Colonel Brengle on his tour, sang with much sweetness and sympathy. Among by the Male Choir of the Staff Band brought us to the address of Commissioner Howard.

Ad—
of the members of the unclean spirit in the child, as recorded by Luke, directing his attention principally to these words, "And as he was yet a coming the devil threw him down."

There is no doubt about it, the unsuccessful soul-saver must know human nature, and there is as little question that Commissioner Howard man of affairs though he be, steered in urgent and complex matters of business administration as he daily has been a profound student of human nature, or how could he possess such deep insight into human frailties, such accurate knowledge of the attitude of the mind of man towards the things of God, or such intimate knowledge of the devices of the Wicked One to destroy souls, as his address revealed?

He likened the action of the unclean spirit with the child to the action of the devil with the human soul.

There were thousands of people who believed in the solemn truths of religion, and who frequently had stirrings of soul to seek God, but who, nevertheless, were yet coming to Christ, were thrown down by the devil.

The devil threw lots of people down by suggesting the temptations to which they might be subjected, the difficulties, and hindrances they would experience, and by filling their minds with fears and diametrical forebodings.

Then, there, were lots of people who were thrown down by the devil suggesting that they were too bad. He did not mean that these people were criminals or gross sinners. This class was very common, for the devil was a great hand with colour, and could paint all to appear bad and good evil. He could also mag-

nify something done in the past that was out of all proportion to the enormity of the offence—not that the Commissioner wished to minimise evil.

Then he sometimes threw people down by suggesting that they were good enough—no need. He cast the boy into the fire and water, used opposite elements, and so to-day he sometimes casts people into the black water of despair, or throws them into the fire of presumption.

The adversary of souls often trips people who may desire Christ, by presenting to them a false view of religion. The human heart craves for happiness, the devil tells them there is no happiness in religion.

Then he had, to others, suggested that religion was bad for business; also, that if a certain soul came out he would be sure to backslide.

There was another great trick by which many were thrown down. Yes, it is true there is a God, there is a Judgment Day—but there is also plenty of time. The Commissioner gave it as his opinion that there were more people damned through the latter artifice of the Wicked One than by all the others put together.

These were the main points of his discourse, but they were hammered home to the conscience by resistless logic; they were illuminated, and played upon by the search-light of striking illustrative facts, until the mind was bound to see all round

the soul by red-hot passion and human incident so that the heart was hard indeed that could remain untouched by these truths.

But whether hearts were reached or not—the prayer meeting showed that many had been—there was no doubt about attention being arrested. The night was not favourable to sustained mental effort. The atmosphere was hot and humid, and the lofty roof and distant parts of the Hall were dim with a pall of smoke from the burning forests. Nevertheless, that great audience listened with an intentness that was at times painful, as the Foreign Secretary solemnly denounced the folly of acting in accordance with the suggestions of the great adversary of souls.

Commissioner Howard is a great speaker. Judging him by his addresses during the Congress, we should not call him a picturesque speaker, nor a great story teller, neither does he run to poetry, but he possesses, in a rare degree, the faculty for presenting facts to the mind in a lucid and irresistible manner, which makes the listener nod his head and say, "that's so." And the facts he presents so closely touch human existence, and are so intimately acquainted with man's eternal destiny as to compel the closest attention to the words he utters, and the acceptance of the facts he states. Several Officers stationed at different parts of the building on Sunday night have told us that men in their hearing remarked, "That's me!" "That's my case!" "You're right there," and so on. But what is a great deal more satisfactory than mere acquiescence was the acting on the advice of the speaker by so many of his listeners, who came to the mercy seat.

In addition to this, there is such a transparent sincerity and obvious candour in the Commissioner's per-

sonality and his manner of speaking, that one instinctively feels here is a man to be trusted.

The prayer meeting results were most satisfactory, both in the number and the character of those who sought salvation. Those connected with the work in the registration room, speak most highly of the converts. And there is no doubt that the forces of The Army in Toronto will permanently benefit by them.

The prayer meeting was an object lesson in persuading the people to act on what they knew, and the beaming face of the Foreign Secretary as he watched the labours of his well loved friend and comrade Commissioner Coombs, showed how glad a sight that prayer meeting was to him.

Before The Army Doxology closed the proceedings, fifty-eight had come forward—the majority to be saved, and the rest to be fully sanctified. A splendid finish to a glorious Congress.

On Monday, the heads of Departments, and Provincial Officers and Chancellors, lunched with the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Howard and Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, at the Training College. A most pleasant and little function. In the afternoon a great procession of the Officers, headed by the Staff Band, marched to the Union Depot, to give the last salute to our international visitors, whose brief stay has been so blessed and so much enjoyed.—J. B.

5902. EDWARDS, F. S. Age 26, appears to be 30 or more; height about 5ft., 6 or 7 in.; slight; black hair and moustache; grey eyes; inclined to be musical; good pianist; last heard of at Haliebury, Ont. Wife anxious.

5903. FAICKARD, MRS. ANNIE, nee COLE. Last heard of in Boston about six months ago. Married. Husband works around hotels. Age 44. Tall and dark complexion. Mother anxious.

Coming Events.

THE SIMULTANEOUS SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGN SPECIALS.

Commissioner Cadman, The First Salvation Army Captain,

will conduct

GREAT SOUL-STIRRING MEETINGS

as follows:

MORTON'S HARBOUR, — October 26th, 27th.

TWILLIGATE, — October 28th to November 2nd.

PORT BLANDFORD, — November 5th.

GREENSPOND, — November 7th, 8th.

WESLEYVILLE, — November 9th.

BONAVISTA, — November 11th to 15th.

CATALINA, — November 16th.

CARBONEAR, — November 17 to 22nd.

HARBOUR GRACE, — November 23rd 24th.

Colonel Brengle

the great American Revivalist from New York, also Author of "Helps to Holiness," and "The Way of Holiness."

Will visit following places:

Temple, and Massey Hall, Octo-
19th to November 2nd. (Including
Sunday, October 25th, and Novem-
ber 1st.)

HAMILTON, I., II., and III., — November
4th to 16th.

Brantford, — November 18th to 23rd.
Woodstock, November 25th to 30th.
St. Thomas, — December 2nd to 7th.
London, — December 9th to 14th.
Chatham, December 16th to 21st.
(Other Appointments to follow.)

BRIGADIER JOHN ROBERTS,

Who has been an Officer over Thirty years, from International Head-quarters, will conduct

GREAT SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS

as follows:

Woodstock, N. B., October 24th to 29th.

Fredericton, October 31st to Novem-
ber 5th.

Moncton, November 7th to 12th.

Parrsboro, November 14th to 19th.

Springhill, November 21st to 26th.

Amherst, November 28th to Decem-
ber 3rd.

Sussex, N. B., December 5th to 10th.

St. John III., December 12th to 17th.

(Other appointments to follow.)

MAJOR and MRS. TOM PLANT,

From International Headquarters, London, England. Musical Wonders, world-wide travellers, Song-writers, and Instrumentalists, will visit the following Cities, conducting a unique Musical Demonstration entitled, "Round the World in a Charlie of Music and Song"—

Huntsville, October 26th and 27th.

North Bay, October 28th to 30th.

Cobalt, October 31st, to Nov. 2nd.

Haliburton, November 3rd to 5th.

New Liskeard, November 6th to 8th.

Englehart, November 9th to 11th.

North Bay, November 12th.

Sturgeon Falls, November 13th to 15th.

Sudbury, November 16th to 18th.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., November 19th, 20.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., November 21st to 23rd.

Fort William, November 26th and 27.

Port Arthur, November 28th and 29th.

Number 11—

Headquarters' Specials.
Simultaneous Salvation
Campaign.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

Lippincott—Sunday, October 25th, assisted by Brigadier Potter.
 Esther Street—Thursday, Oct. 29th, assisted by Staff-Captain Arnold, with his Brigade.
 Ligar—Thursday, November 5th, assisted by the Minstrels.
 Riverdale—Thursday, Nov. 12th, assisted by Staff-Captain Attwell and his Brigade.

BRIGADIER POTTER.

Lippincott—Thursday, October 22nd, to Monday, October 26th.
 Parliament St.—Thursday, October 29th, to Monday, November 2nd.
 Esther Street—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 16th.
 Chester—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, Nov. 30th.

BRIGADIER BOND.

Dovercourt—Thursday, October 22nd, to Monday, October 26th.
 Esther Street—Thursday, Nov. 5th, to Monday, Nov. 9th.
 Yorkville—Thursday, Nov. 19th, to Monday, Nov. 23rd.

BRIGADIER SOUTHLAND.

Yorkville—Thursday, Oct. 29th, to Monday, Nov. 2nd.
 Temple—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 16th.

MAJOR RAWLING.

Newmarket—Saturday and Sunday, October 31st and Nov. 1st.
 Dovercourt—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 16th.
 Parliament St.—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, November 30th.

MAJOR SIMCO.

Aurora—Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 24th and 25th.
 Wychwood—Thursday, Nov. 5th, to Monday, Nov. 9th.
 Oshawa—Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 21st and 22nd.

SALVATION MINSTRELS.

Riverdale—Thursday, October 22nd, to Monday, Nov. 26th.
 Ligar St.—Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 4th and 5th. Chief Secretary on the 5th.
 East Toronto—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 16th.
 Swansea—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, Nov. 30th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ARNOLD'S BRIGADE.

East Toronto—Thursday, Oct. 22nd, to Sunday, Oct. 25th.
 Esther St.—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28th and 29th. Chief Secretary on the 29th.
 Parliament St.—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 16th.
 Wychwood—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, Nov. 30th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ATTWELL'S BRIGADE.

Yorkville—Thursday, Oct. 22nd, to Monday, Oct. 26th.
 Riverdale—Wednesday, Nov. 11th, to Monday, Nov. Nov. 16th. Chief Secretary on Thursday, 12th.
 Dovercourt—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' WESTERN TOUR.

SASKATOON**PRINCE ALBERT****EDMONTON****WETASKIWIN****CALGARY****VERNON****VANCOUVER****NEW WESTMINSTER****VICTORIA****NELSON****FERMIE****MOOSE JAW****REGINA****WINNIPEG, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, November 20-23****FORT WILLIAM**

Thursday, October 29th

Friday, October 30th

Saturday, November 1

Monday, November 2

Tuesday, November 3

Thursday, November 5

Saturday and Sunday, November 7 and 8

Monday, November 9

Tuesday, November 10

Saturday and Sunday, November 14 and 15

Monday, November 16

Wednesday, November 18

Thursday, November 19

Tuesday, November 24

COL. and MRS. MAPP, the New Chief Secretaries,

will be with the Commissioners at Winnipeg, while LIEUT-COLONEL PUGMIRE and Staff-Capt. Morris will accompany throughout the whole tour.

Songs for All Meetings.**Holiness.**

Tune.—Are you washed? B. B. 207.

I Have you been to Jesus
 For the cleansing power?
 Are you washed in blood of the
 Lamb?
 Are you fully trusting
 In His grace this hour—
 Are you washed in blood of the

Chorus.

Are you washed in the blood.
 In the soul-cleansing blood of the
 Lamb?
 Are your garments spotless,
 Are they white as snow?
 Are you washed in blood of the
 Lamb?

Are you walking daily
 By the Saviour's side?
 Are you washed in blood of the
 Lamb?
 Do you rest each moment
 In the Crucified?
 Are you washed in blood of the
 Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh
 Will your robes be white—
 Pure and white in the blood of the
 Lamb?
 Will your soul be ready
 For the mansion bright,
 And be washed in the blood of the
 Lamb?

Tune.—Near the Cross A and B. B. J. 8; New Song Book, No. 424.

2 Jesus save me through and through—
 Save me from self-mending;
 Self-salvation will not do.

Pass me through the cleansing!

Chorus.

Through and through,
 Through and through,
 Jesus, make me holy!
 Save me to the uttermost,
 All the way to Glory!

Through temptations save from sin.
 Self and pride subduing;
 Save me through and through within,
 Save me by renewing.
 Through the tempest, through the
 calm.

With the Master talking.

We and You.**"WHOSOEVER."**

By Colonel Lawley,
 Composed off Madeira, 12th August,
 1908, en route to South Africa.

Tune.—Over Jordan.

3 Universal was the fall,
 Universal is the call;
 Jesus died for one and all,
 Whosoever!

Every tribe and every race,
 Are redeemed by wondrous grace,
 We can read in Jesus's face
 Whosoever!

Chorus.

Whosoever! whosoever!
 Tell the tidings everywhere;
 Now a sinner need despair—
 Whosoever! whosoever!

Tell the tidings everywhere—

Whosoever!

"Whosoever!" that's the cry,
 Do not pass the weary by;
 We can save them if we try—

Whosoever!

Always open is the door,
 All are welcome, rich and poor;
 Boundless mercy fills the store—

Whosoever!

Whosoever, I declare,
 Not a sinner need despair;
 Jesus saves, yes, everywhere,

Whosoever!

Whosoever! swell the song,
 Roll the chariot along;

Till we rally millions strong —

Whosoever!

Tune.—Never mind, go on, 258.

4 In the fight, say does your heart
 grow weary;
 Do you find your path is rough
 and thorny;

And above the sky is dark and stormy?
 Never mind: go on!

Lay aside all fear, and onward press—
 Bravely fight and God will give His

blessing;
 Though the war at times may prove
 distressing—

Never mind: go on!

Chorus.

Faithful he, delaying not to follow
 Where Christ leads, though it may be
 through sorrow;
 Never mind: go on!
 Cheeful be it will your burdens
 lighten,
 One glad heart will always others
 brighten,
 Though the strife the coward's soul
 may frighten,
 Never mind: go on!

Salvation.

Tunes—For ever with the Lord, 68;
 Winchester, 75; Song Book, No.
 152.

5 A few more years, shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb.

Then, Oh, my Lord prepare
 My soul for that great day;
 Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall boat
 On this wild, rocky shore;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here;
 A few more partings o'er;
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.

Tunes—Ellascombe, 30, B. B. and C. B.
 J. 237; Come, sinner, wash, Eb
 and F. B. J. 187.

6 Come, sinner, wash your guilty
 soul.
 In your Redeemer's blood;
 Your burden then from you shall roll,
 And He will be your God.
 You know for you the Saviour died,
 That you with Him might live;
 And how upon the cross He cried,
 "Forgive them, oh, forgive!"

Come, sinner, Jesus calls to thee.
 Oh, now His voice obey;
 And now to Him for refuge flee,
 Before your dying day!

You saw her come, because your sin
 Had shed his precious blood to win
 Your soul, and be your friend.
 Your life is now so full of care,
 Of sorrow, fear, and shame;
 New come to Him in your despair,
 He'll call you by His name.

MASSEY HALL.**Col. and Mrs. Mapp,**

Chief Secretaries,

Will Conduct Great Soul-Saving Meetings on

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, and GUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10th.

The Territorial Staff Band, consisting of twenty-five skilled musicians, will assist at both services.

T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

LIEUT-COL. AND MRS. GASKIN,
 West Toronto, Saturday and Sunday, October 25th and Nov. 1st.

STAFF-CAPTAINS TURPIN AND CAVE'S BRIGADE.

West Toronto—Thursday, Oct. 22nd, to Monday, October 26th.

Parliament St.—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 9th.

Chester—Thursday, Nov. 19th, to Monday, Nov. 23rd.

Esther St.—Thursday, Dec. 3rd, to Monday, Dec. 7th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Buntin, Western Province—Kingston, November 3; Goderich, Nov. 4; Wingham, Nov. 5; Listowel, Nov. 6; Guelph, Nov. 7-9.

Captain Mater, Western Province—St. Catharines, November 4-6; Dundas, November 7-9.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—Smith's Falls, November 3-5; Perth November 6-8; Tweed, November 9-10.

Captain Gilliland, Eastern Prov.—